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The complete poetical works of Thomas Ch



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THE POEMS OF THOMAS
CHATTERTON

I

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON

EDITED

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION,
NOTES, GLOSSARY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

HENRY D. ROBERTS

VOL. I.

(ACKNOWLEDGED POEMS)



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DEDICATION

This edition of the poetical works of Chatterton is dedicated by the editor to his wife.



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PREFACE

SINCE Professor Skeat issued his *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton*, in 1871, no complete collection of the poems of this unhappy boy has been published. The edition now presented to the reader is, both in text and contents, as complete as care can make it. It has been collated with the original manuscript wherever feasible, and, where this could not be done, the earliest known printed copy has been used for checking purposes. Advantage has been taken of the first collection, that of Southey and Cottle, (issued in three volumes in 1803) containing not only a number of poems published for the first time, but also reprints from those periodicals to which Chatterton had been a contributor. The latter have also been checked, so that any mistakes, and there were many, which had occurred in the original transcription and perpetuated in subsequent editions, have been corrected. In this way the files of *The Town and Country Magazine*, *The Freeholder*, *The Political Register*, *The North Briton*, *The Universal Magazine*, *The Gospel Magazine*, etc., have been used, as well as the

Cambridge edition of Chatterton's works, published in 1842. Acknowledgment is also due to Professor Skeat's edition of Chatterton's works, Sir Herbert Croft's *Love and Madness*, Dix's *Life of Chatterton*, Professor Wilson's *Chatterton: a biographical study*, Professor Masson's *Chatterton: a biography*, etc.

A fresh feature in this edition is that the notes have been collected together and placed at the end of the work, so that, while the student who wants to refer to them will have no difficulty in finding what he wants, the ordinary reader of the poems, who does not care to be bothered with notes, has a clear text, not studded all over with references. This also applies to the glossary in connection with the Rowley poems. The biographical information is only so much as is necessary for an understanding of the principal points in Chatterton's life, more particularly in connection with his poems. It does not claim to contain anything new or original.

With reference to the acknowledged poems, a different arrangement to previous editions has been followed. As far as possible they have been grouped into subjects, instead of, as in Professor Skeat's edition, into chronological order. It has not been thought necessary to give the actual source of the text of any of the poems.

The order of the Rowley poems is practically the same as in the 1842 Cambridge edition, and that of Professor Skeat. A word of explanation

as to the method by which these poems have been treated is necessary. They were first published in a collected form in 1777, under the title *Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley, and others in the fifteenth century*. This book, published anonymously, was the work of Thomas Tyrwhitt. A reference to the 1777 edition, or to the manuscripts at the British Museum and elsewhere, will show that the poems as written are unintelligible to the majority of readers. A recent editor has stated that he thinks it wrong for them to be at all modernised. The present editor disagrees with him, and thinks it more advisable, for the better knowledge of the works of the poet, that they should be rewritten ; so that, while retaining the spirit and as much as possible of the original words, they can be easily read. This is the plan followed by Professor Skeat in his edition. Chatterton provided a glossary to many of the poems himself, and wherever another word than that given in the original is used in the text of this edition, it is as a rule one which has been given by Chatterton himself. The spelling has been generally modernised, but, in order to retain either rhyme or metre, it has been necessary in a great number of cases to retain the original words and spelling, giving the meanings in the glossary at the end of the work. These meanings are often those of Chatterton, but other sources have also been used for this purpose. Many of the words have no derivation at all except

in the mind of the poet himself, and in such cases the obvious meanings have been given. In numerous cases Chatterton uses the same word in several places, each with a different meaning. In others it is not possible to give any meaning at all, and not even a guess can be made as to what the author really wished to convey. For instance, in the 'Letter to the digne Mastre Canyngne' (vol. ii., page 17, line 16) what sense can be made of 'She nillynge to take mickle aye doth heed'? *Nillynge* means *unwilling*, but that does not help at all. Chatterton's grammar is not always perfect, but I have not attempted to correct it, and have printed his plural noun with singular verb (and *vice versa*), etc., without alteration.

To this edition an index of first lines and a bibliography have been added. The latter, as a guide to other sources of information, should prove useful to any reader in whom a wish has been aroused to know something more about Chatterton. It is hoped that such interest may be awakened, for the study of his works will amply repay any one who embarks on it.

HENRY D. ROBERTS.

LONDON, *January* 1906.

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol on the 20th of November 1752, the posthumous child of a dissipated schoolmaster and singer. His father died on the 7th of August, 1752, leaving a widow, little more than a child herself, and a daughter two years of age. After she became a widow Mrs. Chatterton started a dame's school, and eked out a scanty living by taking in dressmaking. Chatterton's earlier years were not remarkable for any special intelligence, in fact he was generally looked upon as a dull stupid boy. He was subject at times to fits of abstraction, weeping, and rage. When quite young he developed a habit of not always speaking the truth; for, when asked the reason of his apparently motiveless fits of crying, he would often say that his sister had beaten him. So peculiar were his moods that, says a friend, 'Until he was six and a half years old, they thought he was an absolute fool'. After this time, however, signs of precocity and egotism became apparent, and it is told of him that once, when a china bowl was given him and he was asked what he would like painted on it, he said 'Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world'. In 1760, when he was within three months of his eighth year, young Chatterton was admitted as a scholar at Colston's School, where he remained for nearly seven years as a bluecoat boy. At

school he made few friends, for he was very reserved and secretive. He was a great reader, and the fears which had previously affected his mother were completely reversed: the trouble now was that his health might be affected by too much study. The youngster soon developed an itching for scribbling, and, on the 8th of January 1763, when he was very little more than ten years old, his first poem, *On the Last Epiphany* (vol. i., page 200), was printed in the columns of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*. Several other poems, of which copies are extant, were produced by him during the next few months. These are *Hymn for Christmas Day* (vol. i., page 201), *Sly Dick* (vol. i., page 202), *Churchwarden and the Apparition* (vol. i., page 204), and *Apostate Will* (vol. i., page 205), all supposed to have been written before 14th April 1764, the date of the last named. There is no record of any further acknowledged poems until 6th March 1768, when the poem *To a Friend* (vol. i., page 65) was sent to Mr. Baker.

In St Mary Redcliff Church, Bristol, where the office of sexton had, for about one hundred and fifty years, been held by some of Chatterton's ancestors, there was a room known as the 'Muniment Room,' containing a number of chests filled with ancient documents. About 1735 these chests had been broken open, the keys having been lost. Those documents considered valuable were transferred elsewhere, and the remainder left lying about at any one's disposal. A number of them were taken home by Chatterton's father, so that there is no doubt that the boy himself was familiar, from his earliest days, with the appearance and handwriting of ancient documents. When his interest in them was first definitely aroused

he is said to have taken all the pieces of parchment he could lay his hands on to his own private room in his mother's house. These undoubtedly gave him the idea which was afterwards developed into the famous forgeries, known as the Rowley Writings, of which more later on.

In July, 1767, Chatterton was bound apprentice to a Bristol attorney, named John Lambert, the trustees of his old school paying a premium of £10. He was to be bound for seven years, during which period he was to receive no salary, but to have board and lodgings free at his master's house. He was not at all satisfied with his treatment by Lambert, who, we are told, was a strict and irritable man of little refinement. To the sensitive lad the restraint and discipline, as well as the monotonous work of the attorney's office, must have been most galling. When he was fifteen he appears to have fallen a victim to the tender passion, the object of his affections being a Miss Rumsey, to whom he addressed his poem *The Advice* (vol. i., page 62). He had a number of other lady friends in Bristol, but it would also appear, from internal evidence in some of his written work, that he also had female acquaintances who were less desirable than these same young ladies of Bristol.

But to retrace our steps a little. When Chatterton was about fourteen he victimized Mr. Burgum, a Bristol pewterer, by a fictitious 'Account of the family of the De Burghams . . . collected . . . from original records, tournament rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter records'. This pedigree traced the worthy Bristol pewterer's family from the Norman Conquest to the sixteenth century. A few days afterwards Chatterton brought Burgum

a continuation of the pedigree, down to the reign of Charles II., not venturing to bring it quite up to date. With this pedigree Chatterton also produced *The Romaunte of the Cnyghte* (vol. ii., page 139), which he averred to be the production of John de Burgham, one of Mr. Burgum's 'ancestors'. With a thoughtfulness which might have been sarcastic Chatterton accompanied this poem with a modern paraphrase (vol. ii., page 140). It was only when Burgum asked the College of Heralds to verify the pedigree that it was found to be a complete forgery. For this pedigree Burgum gave the poet the sum of five shillings! which fact Chatterton satirises in his *Will* (vol. i., page 170):—

Gods! What would Burgum give to get a name,
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary?—A crown.

He professed to have transcribed the pedigree and the poems later on known as the Rowley Poems, with various prose pieces, from manuscripts taken from one of the chests at St Mary's Church, to which reference has already been made. These writings Chatterton stated to be the work of Thomas Rowley (see note on vol. ii., page 205. *An Excelente Balade of Charitie*).

In all literary fiction the Rowley forgeries occupy a most prominent place. The writings, as has been said, are in both prose and verse, but only the latter are reproduced in this volume. The productions had a basis of fact by being written around William Canynge, or Canynges, a Bristol merchant, a full account of whose family is to be found in Pryce's *Memorials of the Canynges' family*. Thomas

Rowley, to whom Chatterton attributed many of these writings was said to be father confessor to Canynge. Canynge eventually took orders, so it was said, in order to avoid a second marriage which Edward IV. was trying to force him into. In addition to this fictitious Burgum pedigree Chatterton had previously written the eclogue *Elinoure and Juga* (vol. ii., page 150), in all probability in 1764.

It is not proposed in this brief biographical notice to mention many details of the production of Chatterton's works. The whole of his known poems, either acknowledged or attributed by him to Rowley and others, are given in this volume. After having hoaxed (in 1768 at the opening of a new bridge) the inhabitants of Bristol by a fictitious account of the opening of Bristol Bridge in 1248, Chatterton's next step of any interest was to forward Walpole certain manuscripts said to have been copied from documents by Rowley (see note on vol. ii., page 197, *To Horace Walpole*). Amongst Chatterton's other victims were Mr. George Catcott (referred to in the note on vol. ii., page 195, *A New Song, to Mr. George Catcott*), and Mr. W. Barrett, the Bristol historian. Both these gentlemen accepted as genuine, document after document, which Chatterton avowed to have been transcribed from documents taken from the chests at St Mary's Church. He was sometimes driven into a corner, as, for instance, when he was pressed to produce the original from which *The Battle of Hastings* (I.) was taken. After various evasive answers he at length admitted he had written the poem himself (see note on vol. ii., page 206, *Battle of Hastings*). He also acknowledged the authorship of *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin* (vol. ii., page 1).

The life at Lambert's, as has been said, was most uncongenial and disheartening to the ambitious boy, whose main idea was to make a name for himself which should last for all time. Nevertheless, he had a certain amount of leisure time, which he devoted to writing and to reading, Barrett having secured him permission to use the Bristol Library. On 14th April 1770, whether in a fit of bravado, or merely to gain the result which afterwards occurred, is not known, Chatterton drew up his *Will* (see vol. i., page 170, and note on vol. ii., page 202). As detailed in the note, his indentures were cancelled and he came to London, with a few pounds given him by some friends, a number of poems, and an unbounded confidence in himself. This happened ten days after he had written the *Will*.

Arrived in London, Chatterton's first lodging was with a Mr. Walmsley, a plasterer in Shore-ditch, with whom also lodged one of the poet's relatives, Mrs. Ballance. He wrote to his mother announcing his arrival on 26th April 1770, and lost no time in introducing himself to the editors of many of the current newspapers, obtaining several promises of work. This was mainly political, and he had thrown in his lot with the opponents of the Government, including Wilkes, and the London Corporation. The editors were glad to have contributions from the new writer, whose pen was as bitter and sarcastic as they could desire ; but, although Chatterton was paid about eleven guineas during the first two months of his stay in London, the money to pay for his effusions was, as a rule, not easily forthcoming. Notwithstanding the latter fact, he continued to send home excellent accounts of his work and prospects. His secretive habits, even in his work for a livelihood, were apparent, for nearly

all his contributions, whether in prose or verse, were signed by some fictitious name. He was at various times 'Asaphides', 'Dunelmus Bristolensis', 'D. B.', 'Decimus', etc., and had used these pseudonyms in writing for several papers before he came to London, like so many other aspirants to literary fame, to set the Thames on fire. The death of the Lord Mayor of London, William Beckford, one of his patrons (see vol. i., page 185, and note vol. ii., page 202), was a severe blow to Chatterton, whose finances were soon reduced to a very low ebb. About this time he changed his lodgings, and moved to 39 Brook Street, Holborn. Mrs. Ballance tried in vain to make him apply for some post that would bring in enough money to enable him to live, but he turned upon her like a madman. 'He was as proud as Lucifer', she says. A little money was made by writing songs at a mere pittance, and he tried without much success to dispose of some of his previously written manuscripts. The only amount of any importance received at this period was a sum of five pounds which was paid for *The Revenge* (see vol. i., page 11, and note on vol. ii., page 194). This did not last long. To keep up the fiction of his success, various presents were sent to his mother and sister at Bristol. His landlady soon found out that he was practically starving, and on one occasion offered to return him part of his regularly paid rent. He refused, pointing to his head, with the assertion 'I have that here which will get me more'. At last, in despair, he appealed to George Catcott and Barrett to assist him to obtain a post as ship's doctor on board a vessel trading to Africa (see note on vol. ii., page 195, *To Miss Bush, of Bristol*). His appeal was not successful, and the poor lad was

practically starving. On the 24th August his landlady, knowing that he had not tasted food for some days, asked him to share her dinner. Proud to the last he refused, with the remark that he was not hungry. During the night he committed suicide by the aid of arsenic, having previously destroyed all the manuscripts which he possessed. In the morning his door was broken open, and he was found a distorted, ghastly corpse. Chatterton did not think suicide a crime. He once spoke of it as 'A noble insanity of the soul, and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul' (see also his poem, *Suicide*, on vol. i., page 218).

The rest is soon told. An inquest was held on his remains on the 28th August, and all that was mortal of the poet was consigned to a pauper's grave in the burying-ground of the workhouse of the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn. There is a tradition, however, that his body was afterwards removed and buried in Redcliff churchyard, but there is no direct evidence on the matter. A monument has been erected to his memory at St Mary's Church, with an extract taken from the prose portion of his *Will*. It reads: 'To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader! judge not; if thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power. To that Power only is he now answerable'. His last piece of work, *Last Verses*, given on vol. i., page 221, was found, after his death, written in his pocket-book.

So ended, within three months of its eighteenth year, the life of one of the most interesting of all literary personalities. For a hundred years after his death fierce discussion raged as to whether or not Chatterton was the

author or only the transcriber of the Rowley manuscripts, and many eminent names will be found on both sides of the controversy. No attempt has been made to argue the point here, for the question has been practically settled by Professor Skeat, in his edition of Chatterton's works, published in 1871, and to which all students are referred for further information on the subject.

Chatterton's works naturally divide themselves into three groups. First of all come those of his poems which are usually called the 'acknowledged' poems; then we have the Rowley productions in verse and prose; and finally there are his prose writings, which do not here concern us. Judged by his acknowledged poems alone, it is a question whether Chatterton deserves a front rank among our poets, although even then it must be remembered that all his works were produced by a boy not eighteen. His work is very uneven and of different quality, which is, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. Even the acknowledged poems might be divided into those he wrote from the heart and those produced as the hack political writer, or the man writing for bread and butter. His satires are coarse, bitter, and essentially personal. The satirists were dying out in Chatterton's day, although Churchill was as active as ever, and their productions were, as a rule, only meant to serve a temporary purpose. As a matter of fact, the majority of the names of those satirised at any time, under fictitious or real names, are either forgotten altogether, or are not affected in present-day estimation by these productions. Occasionally in Chatterton's satires a few couplets are specimens of fine writing, but generally they are only poor

stuff. Some of the elegies are good reading, and one or two of the remaining poems are of high quality. It is to the Rowley poems, of the authorship of which any one might be proud, that we must look for any enduring monument to Chatterton as a poet. The fact that these productions are of far superior worth to his acknowledged poems has furnished a good point for those persons who have argued that Chatterton did not write them. The fact would appear, though, that the antique was Chatterton's speciality, and that his other productions were more 'pot-boilers' than anything else. This is emphasised when we remember that nearly all the Rowley productions were the work of Chatterton's Bristol days, when he was at all events earning his living, with leisure to devote to his hobby. While he was in London, a little more than four months, he produced *Resignation* (vol. i., page 138), *The Exhibition* (vol. i., page 85), and *Kew Gardens* (vol. i., page 101), three of his principal and longest satires, as well as the burletta, *The Revenge* (vol. i., page 11). The antique poems are of quite a different calibre, and are, for the most part, fit to stand in the first rank of English poetry, deserving to be better known than they are at the present day. There is, of course, no record as to Chatterton's method of composition. Possibly he wrote them in the ordinary English of his time, and then, by the aid of dictionaries and glossaries, transferred his thoughts to archaic language, more or less correct. He was not always happy in his search for the right word, and, to the despair of his editors, often coined words for himself which had not the faintest right to be called Old English at all. Whatever the means the end is delightful, and some of the Rowley

poems are hard to beat for their language and sentiment. Romance and lyrical excellence are their chief attributes. The ballads are stamped with the impress of genius, and are worthy to rank with the best in our literature. The *Balade of Charitie* (vol. ii., page 84) is matchless. Another excellent piece is the *Songe to Ælla* (vol. ii., page 88), and the two songs introduced into *Ælla* are both fine in their way. Could anything be more pathetic than the lyric, *Oh! Sing unto my Roundelay* (vol. ii., page 53), with its sad, but haunting, refrain? One of the finest pieces in the whole collection is the chorus at the end of *Goddwyn* (vol. ii., page 79). What we know of Chatterton's work in this direction makes us deplore his untimely death. Here was, indeed, a genius, and to what heights might he not have risen had he received better recognition from the hands of those too blind to see what manner of person they had in their midst—the

. . . . marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in its pride.

Well may we sing with Keats :

O Chatterton, how very sad thy fate !
 Dear child of sorrow—son of misery !
 How soon the film of death obscured that eye,
 Whence Genius mildly flashed and high debate.
 How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
 Melted in dying numbers ! Oh ! how nigh
 Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
 A half-blown flow'et which cold blasts amate.
 But this is past : thou art among the stars
 Of highest heaven : to thy rolling spheres
 Thou sweetly singest : nought thy hymning mars,
 Above the ingrate world and human fears.
 On earth, the good man base detraction bars
 From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHATTER- TON AND HIS POETICAL WRITINGS.

Note.—The following entries have all been verified, and I have to acknowledge, with thanks, assistance in this matter from Miss G. Wynne and Mr B. M. Headicar. Poole's 'Index' gives a list of various other articles appearing in the *Eclectic Magazine*, *Living Age*, etc., but as it has not been able to obtain access to the volumes, no note is here made of the references. No claim for completeness for this bibliography is made, and space forbids more extended entries and annotations.

The entries are arranged as under :—

1. Editions of acknowledged poems, and collected works.
2. Editions of Rowley poems, published separately.
3. Biographies, critical notices, etc., in addition to those contained in the volumes of poems.
4. Publications dealing especially with the Rowley poems.
5. Miscellaneous.
6. Index of editors, writers, etc.

I

List of the various editions of Chatterton's poetical works (other than those specially devoted to the Rowley poems), arranged in chronological order.

1. An Elegy on the . . . Death of W. Beckford,
1770
2. Miscellanies in Prose and Verse [edited by John Broughton?], 1778.

3. Supplement to above, 1784.
4. Poetical works ; to which is prefixed a life of the author. See Anderson, R., *Poets of Great Britain*, vol. xi., 1795.
5. *The Revenge : a burletta*, 1795.
6. *Original Poems of . . . Thomas Chatterton ; to which is prefixed a short sketch of the controversy concerning the poems attributed to Rowley.* See Gardner, E., *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1798.
7. *The Works of Thomas Chatterton, containing his life*, by Gregory [edited by J. Cottle and R. Southey], 3 vols, 1803.

This edition was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. iv., *The London Quarterly*, vol. xli., and *The Quarterly*, vol. cl.

8. *Poems [with life].* See Chalmers, A., *Works of the English Poets*, vol. xv., 1810.
9. *Select poems ; with a life of the author.* See Walsh, R., *Works of the British Poets*, vol. xxix., 1822.
10. *Œuvres complètes . . . traduites par Javelin Pagnon. Précédées d'une vie de Chatterton, par A. Callet*, 2 vols., 1839.
11. Campbell, T., *Specimens of the British Poets*, 1841.
12. *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton ; with notices of his life, a history of the Rowley controversy, a selection of his letters, and notes, critical and explanatory [by C. B. Willcox]*, 2 vols., 1842.

This edition was reviewed in the *Monthly Review*, vol. iii., and was reprinted at Boston, U.S.A., in 1857.

13. *Poems ; with a memoir by F. Martin* [1865].

This edition was reviewed in the *Eclectic Magazine*, 1866.

14. *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton ; with an essay on the Rowley poems, by W. W. Skeat, and a memoir by E. Bell*, 2 vols., 1871.

This edition has been several times reprinted, and was reviewed in *The London Quarterly*, vol. xli., *North American Review*, vol. cxxi., *Quarterly Review*, vol. cl., and *Tinsley's Magazine*, vol. xiv.

15. Ward, T. H., *English Poets*, vol. iii., 1880.
16. *Poetical works*; with a prefatory notice by J. Richmond, 1885.
17. *Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton*; edited, with a biographical introduction, notes, glossary and bibliography, by Henry D. Roberts, 2 vols., 1906.

II

List of the various editions of the Rowley poems, arranged in chronological order.

18. Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin, 1772.
19. Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and others in the 15th century; [edited by Tyrerwhitt] 1777, 2nd edition same year.
20. Above re-issued with appendix, 3rd edition, 1778.
21. Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol in the 15th century, by Thomas Rowley . . . with a commentary in which the antiquity of them is considered and defended, by Jeremiah Milles, D.D., Dean of Exeter, 1782.
22. Barrett, J., *History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol*, 1789.

This work contains many Rowley poems published for the first time.

23. Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol in the 15th century, by Thomas Rowley, 1794.
24. Chatterton's 'Ælla', and other pieces interpreted; or, selections from the Rowley Poems, in modern reading, by J. Glassford, 1837.
25. Rowley poems of Thomas Chatterton; edited by R. Steele, 2 vols., 1898.

N.B.—The Rowley poems, either wholly or in part, are also contained in the various editions of Chatterton's collected works, see Section 1.

III

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26. Bennett, J. R., *Life of Thomas Chatterton*, 1860.

27. Britton, J., Historical . . . essay relating to Redcliffe Church, Bristol . . . also an essay on the life and character of T. Chatterton, 1813.
28. Carton, R. P., The Palace of Art [biographical notice]. See *Irish Monthly*, September and October, 1899.
29. Croft, Sir H., Love and Madness, 1780, and several reprints.
30. Davis, J., Life of Thomas Chatterton, 1806.
31. Dix, afterwards Ross, J., Life of Thomas Chatterton, including unpublished poems and correspondence, 1837 and 1851.

Reviewed in Foster's 'Critical Essays', vol. ii.

32. Forman, H. B., Thomas Chatterton and his latest editor [W. W. Skeat, 1871], 1874.
33. Gregory, G., Life of Thomas Chatterton; with criticisms on his genius and writings, and a concise view of the controversy concerning Rowley's poems, 1789.

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34. Hall, W. C., The Metrical Imitations of Chatterton. See *Manchester Quarterly*, July 1902.
35. Ingram, J. H., Chatterton and his Associates. See *Harper's Magazine*, vol. lxvii.
36. Ingram, J. H., and Taylor, J., correspondence between, relating to Chatterton's birth and parentage. See *Athenæum*, vol. i., 1882.
37. Lawrence, F., Remarkable Literary Impostures: Thomas Chatterton. See Sharpe's *London Magazine*, vol. viii., 1849.

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38. Maitland, S. R., Chatterton: an Essay, 1857.
39. Masson, D., Chatterton: a Story of the year 1770.

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40. Masson, D., Chatterton: a Biography, 1899.
41. Pryce, G., Memorials of the Canynge's Family and their Times: to which is added, Inedited Memoranda relating to Chatterton, 1854.
42. Puttmann, H., *Leben des Dichters*, 2 vols., 1840.
43. Russell, Charles E., The remarkable life history of Thomas Chatterton. See *Munsey's Magazine*, February 1901.
44. S., W. B. B., Death of Chatterton: a Poem. See Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. xxv., 1858.
45. Salmon, Arthur L., Chatterton. See *Poet Lore*, December 1892.
46. Vigny, A. de, Chatterton [a drama in three acts and in prose, 1835].

Contains also an essay 'Sur les œuvres de Chatterton', and short extracts from the 'Battle of Hastings' and other works of Chatterton.

47. Wilson, Daniel, Chatterton: a Biographical Study, 1869.

Reviewed in Appleton's *Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Art*, 27th August 1870, in the *Eclectic Magazine*, June 1870, and in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. cvii.

48. Word Portraits, edited by Mabel E. Wotton, 1887.
49. *Anonymous*, Neglected Genius: Stanzas to . . . Chatterton [1784-1789].
50. *Anonymous*, Life of Thomas Chatterton. See *London Magazine*, June 1824.

See also various guides to, and histories of Bristol; Encyclopædias, Dictionaries of Biography, etc.

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*Works dealing specially with the Rowley poems,
arranged in chronological order.*

51. Warton, T., History of English Poetry, vol. ii.
52. [Walpole, Horace], Letter to the editor of the 'Miscellanies' of Thomas Chatterton, 1779.

53. *Anonymous*. Remarks upon the eighth section of the second volume of Mr Warton's History of English Poetry, 1779.
54. *Anonymous*. Examination of the poems attributed to Thomas Rowley and William Canynge; with a defence of the opinions of Mr Warton [?1780].
55. Bryant, Jacob, Observations upon the Poems of Thomas Rowley, 1781.
56. *Turgotus, J.* [W. J. Mickle], The Prophecy of Queen Emma . . . to which is added . . . an account of the discovery and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of . . . Rowley, 1782.
57. *Anonymous*. Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley . . . with some remarks on the Commentaries by . . . Milles . . . and Bryant, 1782.
58. [Greene, E. B.] Strictures upon a pamphlet entitled Cursory Observations, etc., 1782.
59. Warton, Thomas, an enquiry into the authenticity of the poems attributed to Thomas Rowley . . . 1782, and a second edition.
60. [Mason.] An archæological epistle to . . . Milles, 1782.
61. [Hickford, R., and Fell, John.] Observations on the poems attributed to Rowley, tending to prove that they were really written by him and other ancient authors; to which are added, Remarks on the appendix of the editor of Rowley's poems [Tyrrwhitt, numbers 19 and 20], 1782.
62. Tyrrwhitt, T., Vindication of the appendix to the poems called Rowley's, in reply to the answers of the Dean of Exeter [Milles], Jacob Bryant, and a third anonymous writer . . . 1782.
63. *Anonymous*, Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades, 1782.
64. Mathias, T. J., Essay on the evidence . . . relating to the poems attributed to Rowley [affirms their authority], 1783, second edition 1784.
65. Sherwen, J., Introduction to an examination of . . . the . . . authenticity of certain publications said to have been found in manuscripts at Bristol, written by a learned priest [Rowley], etc., 1809.

66. *Anonymous*, An Excelente Balade of Charitie; as written by the good priest, Thomas Rowley, 1464. Copy of verses and a short article on them. See *Poet Lore*, April 1897.

See also Sections 1-3.

V

Miscellaneous.

67. Some of Chatterton's manuscripts are to be seen in the British Museum, and there are a few in the Bristol Library. A list is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. 10.

The following two extracts from the British Museum catalogue refer to two interesting collections.

68. [Collection of cuttings from magazines and newspapers relating to the Chattertonian controversy; with MS. notes and a MS. List of publications, *pro* and *con*, by J. Haslewood; also The Saxon Ode, transcribed by J. Haslewood from G. Ellis' Specimens of the Early English poets.] 2 vols. [London, 1769-1809] 8 vo.
69. [A collection of cuttings from magazines and newspapers relating to T. C., together with an autograph letter of Mary Chatterton, afterwards Newton; the whole of the correspondence between G. Dyer, R. Southey, J. Cottle, and J. Haslewood, during the publication of Chatterton's works in 3 vols.; a poem of Chatterton's, entitled Kew Gardens, in the autograph of J. Reed, ; and other MSS., plates, etc.] 1769-1818. 4to.

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THE DEATH OF NICOU

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side ;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound ;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell ;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell ;
There for a while, in loud confusion hurled,
It crumbles mountains down, and shakes the world,
Till, borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear ; 10
Fiercely propelled the whitened billows rise,
Break from the cavern and ascend the skies :
Then lost and conquered by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course :
On Tiber's banks, where scarlet jasmines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume ;
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tigers find a cool retreat,
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream ; 20
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests revered,
Where in the days of old a god appeared ;
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalima's feast,

The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
He spoke ; as evening-thunders, bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear ;
' Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest !
This day the sun is rising in the east ;
The sun which shall illumine all the earth
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth ' . 30
He vanished like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light ;
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke :
And still, when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way through Tiber's watery swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close ranked, a warring train,
Stretched to the distant edge of Galca's plain :
So, when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep, 40
See, in the gilding of her watery robe,
The quick declension of the circling globe,
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies,
Beyond our sight in vast extension curled,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn,
When the soft earth at his appearance fled,
And rising billows played around his head : 50
When a strong tempest, rising from the main,
Dashed the full clouds unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong.
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well tried in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war
Who lived coeval with the morning star :

Narada was his name ; who cannot tell
How all the world through great Narada fell ? 60
Vichon, the god who ruled above the skies,
Looked on Narada, but with envious eyes :
The warrior dared him, ridiculed his might,
Bent his white bow, and summoned him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scattered burning arrows in the sky ;
Threw down a star, the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernatural heat ;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground ;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drowned. 70
Narada still escaped : a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him through the sea.
The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He towered into the chambers of the sky.
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quivering in his yellow hands.
The god astonished dropped ; hurled from the shore,
He dropped to torments, and to rise no more. 80
Headlong he falls ; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemned in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung ;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild, and young,
Who led the embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield :
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain ;
When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came and swelled the seas with blood. 90
Slow, at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way,
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,

Once the companion of his youthful breast.
 Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
 Strong, as the tempest of the evening air ;
 Insatiate in desire ; fierce as the boar ;
 Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
 Long had the gods endeavoured to destroy
 All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy. 100
 They sought in vain, till Vicat, Vichon's son,
 Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
 Saw Nica, sister to the mountain king.
 Dressed beautiful, with all the flowers of spring.
 He saw, and scattered poison in her eyes ;
 From limb to limb in varied forms he flies ;
 Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
 To every glossy feature of her face.
 Rorest was fired with passion at the sight,
 Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right. 110
 He saw, he loved, and, burning with desire,
 Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.
 Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
 Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
 This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
 And sent to young Rorest the threatening reed.
 He drew his army forth. Oh ! need I tell
 That Nicou conquered, and the lover fell ?
 His breathless army mantled all the plain,
 And death sat smiling on the heaps of slain. 120
 The battle ended, with his reeking dart
 The pensive Nicou pierced his beating heart :
 And to his mourning valiant warriors cried,
 ' I, and my sister's ghost are satisfied.'

C.

Brooke Street, 12th June, 1770.

HECCAR AND GAIRA

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE

3rd January, 1770.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders through the echoing cave ;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents through the spreading
green ;

Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage ;
Stretched on the sand, two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day.
Their bloody javelins reeked one living steam,
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream ; 10
Heccar, the chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira, the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll ;
Gaira, the king of warring archers, found
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising deserts whirled in circles fly.

HECCAR : Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chase,
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race ; 20
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain,
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA : Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for
blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.

This javelin, oft in nobler quarrels tried,
 Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
 Fast as the streaming rain, I poured the dart,
 Hurling a whirlwind through the trembling
 heart: 30
 But now my lingering feet revenge denies,
 O could I throw my javelin from my eyes !

HECCAR : When Gaira the united armies broke,
 Death winged the arrow, death impelled the
 stroke.

See, piled in mountains on the sanguine sand,
 The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
 Search the brown desert and the glossy green,
 There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
 The scattered bones mantled in silver white,
 Once animated, dared the foes in fight. 40
 The children of the wave, whose pallid race
 Views the faint sun display a languid face,
 From the red fury of thy justice fled
 Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
 Fear with a sickened silver tinged their hue :
 The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

GAIRA : Rouse not remembrance from her shadowy cell,
 Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
 Cawna, O Cawna ! decked in sable charms,
 What distant region holds thee from my arms ? 50
 Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
 Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales ;
 Majestic as the many-coloured snake,
 Trailing his glories through the blossomed brake ;
 Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
 Foaming through sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores ;
 Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
 Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat lowering in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye ; 60
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclined,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind.
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came,
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame ;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierced his rough armour, but escaped his heart ;
He fled, though wounded, to a distant waste,
I urged the furious flight with fatal haste ;
He fell, he died—spent in the fiery toil,
I stripped his carcase of the furry spoil, 70
And, as the varied spangles met my eye,
'On this', I cried, 'shall my loved Cawna
lie'.

The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey ;
Impelled by love, I winged the airy way ;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain.
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna, and my children, slaves.
Reflection maddens to recal the hour ;
The gods had given me to the demon's power. 80
The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,
I gained a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distraction in my mind ;
There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,
In common slavery drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage ?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage ?
In ever-reeking blood this javelin dyed
With vengeance shall be never satisfied ; 90
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR : When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
 Roughly salute my ear, enraged I'll fly ;
 Send the sharp arrow quivering through the heart,
 Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart ;
 Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
 Gaira and vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

NARVA AND MORED

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE

' RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored ',
 The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
 High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
 Loud on the concave shell the lances rung.
 In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
 The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
 Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
 And rides upon the pinions of the wind,
 Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round
 The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground : 10
 Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
 Through the dark covering of the midnight sky,
 Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
 And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast ;
 Chalma, whose excellence is known from far,
 From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar :
 The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
 Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles ;
 Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn
 Bends with the nectar of the opening morn ; 20
 Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
 Creep through the mead, and up the mountains
 shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danced in the shadow of the mystic trees ;
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue ;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain ;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain ;
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go. 30
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise
Far in the sacred regions of the skies,
Upon whose top the blackening tempest lowers,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours ;
Like the long clifty mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thickening and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure ;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak repeat the dance. 40
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn twirling with the breeze.
So, when the splendour of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watery way,
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost ; 50
Where the artificer, in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance or beautifies the bow ;
From the young palm tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine ;
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, through every climate run ;
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.

Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
 The warriors circle the mysterious tree,
 Till, spent with exercise, they spread around
 Upon the opening blossoms of the ground.
 The priestess, rising, sings the sacred tale,
 And the loud chorus echoes through the dale.

60

PRIESTESS : Far from the burning sands of Calabar ;
 Far from the lustre of the morning star ;
 Far from the pleasure of the holy morn ;
 Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn,
 Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
 Laid in the dust, and numbered with the dead. 70
 Dear are their memories to us, and long,
 Long shall their attributes be known in song.
 Their lives were transient as the meadow flower,
 Ripened in ages, withered in an hour.
 Chalma reward them in his gloomy cave,
 And open all the prisons of the grave !
 Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
 And living but to serve his god alone,
 Narva was beauteous as the opening day,
 When on the spangling waves the sunbeams play, 80
 When the macaw, ascending to the sky,
 Views the bright splendour with a steady eye :
 Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat,
 Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
 Completely beauteous as a summer's sun,
 Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
 Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
 Through scented calamus and fragrant reeds ;
 Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed,
 Lived the still sweeter flower, the young Mored. 90
 Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell ;
 Soft, as the moss where hooting adders dwell.
 As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,

The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and loved ! and Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorned confinement
there.

Existence was a torment ! O my breast !
Can I find accents to unfold the rest ? 100
Locked in each other's arms, from Hyga's cave
They plunged relentless to a watery grave ;
And, falling, murmured to the powers above,
' Gods ! take our lives, unless we live to love '.

Shoreditch, 2nd May, 1770.

THE REVENGE

A BURLETTA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Jupiter</i>	.	.	.	MR REINHOLD
<i>Bacchus</i>	.	.	.	MR BANNISTER
<i>Cupid</i>	.	.	.	MASTER CHENEY
<i>Juno</i>	.	.	.	[MRS THOMPSON]

ACT I, SCENE I

Recitative

JUPITER: I swear by Styx, this usage is past bearing;
My lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!
Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

Air

Though the loud thunder rumbles,
Though storms rend the sky ;
Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teasing,
 Disgusting her form :
 Her music as pleasing
 As pigs in a storm.

10

I fly her embraces,
 To wenches more fair ;
 And leave her wry faces,
 Cold sighs, and despair.

Recitative

And oh ! ye tedious minutes, steal away ;
 Come evening, close the folding doors of day ;
 Night, spread thy sable petticoat around,
 And sow thy poppies on the slumbering ground ; 20
 Then raving into love, and drunk with charms,
 I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

Air

Sighing,
 Dying,
 Lying,
 Frying,
 In the furnace of desire ;
 Creeping,
 Sleeping,
 Oh ! how slow the hours retire ! 30
 When the busy heart is beating,
 When the bosom's all on fire,
 Oh ! how welcome is the meeting !
 Oh ! how slow the hours retire !

Recitative

But see—my Fury comes ; by Styx, I tremble :
 I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

SCENE II

JUNO, JUPITER

Recitative

JUNO : See, see, my good man steals aside !
In spite of his thunder,
I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride. 40

Air

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes
pass ;
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him
an ass.
How happy the spouse
In his dignified brows ;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class :
Both above and below, 50
Experience will shew,
But take off the horns and each husband's an ass.

*Recitative**[Aside*

JUPITER : Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave
her clapper :
And, if my courage holds, egad, I'll strap her :
Through all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And earth shall echo to the mustard bowl ;
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord, I'll
heave hence,
Down to some brandy shop, this noisy
grievance.

Air

What means this horrid rattle ?

And must that tongue of riot

60

Wage one eternal battle

With happiness and quiet ?

Air continued

JUNO : What means your saucy question ?

D'ye think I mind your bluster ?

Your godship's always best in

Words, thunder, noise, and fluster.

Recitative

JUPITER : Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our
regions,

And yell in concert with infernal legions :

Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away
hence,

Or on the lightning's wings you'll find con-
veyance.

70

Recitative

JUNO : I brave your vengeance—

JUPITER : Oh ! 'tis most provoking !

JUNO : Should not my spirit better my condition,

I've one way left—remonstrance and petition

To all the gods in senate : 'tis no joking—

Air

I will never tamely bear

All my wrongs and slights, sir ;

Heaven and all the gods shall hear

How you spend your nights, sir.

Drinking, swearing,

80

Roaring, tearing,

Wenching, roving everywhere ;

Whilst poor I
 At home must lie,
 Wishing, scheming,
 Sighing, dreaming,
 Grasping nothing but the air.

Recitative

JUPITER : O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
 I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o' th'
 matter.

Air

Fury, cease,	90
Give me peace,	
Still your racket,	
Or your jacket	
I'll be drubbing,	
For your snubbing ;	
By the gods, you shall knock under.	
Must you ever	
Thus endeavour,	
Rumbling,	
Grumbling,	100
Rowling,	
Growling,	
To outsound the noisy thunder?	

*Recitative**[Aside*

JUNO : Ah ! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—
 The man's in earnest—I must save my bacon ;
 Since scolding but provokes him,
 A method I'll pursue.
 I'll soothe him, tickle, coax him,
 Then I shall have my due.

Air

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove, 110
 And is it thus a love,
 So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,
 Is slighted, disrespected,
 Unnoticed and neglected,
 Returned with such a love as thine?

Air

JUPITER: Did the foolish passion tease ye,
 Would you have a husband please ye,
 Suppliant, pliant, amorous, easy?
 Never rate him like a fury;
 By experience I'll assure ye, 120
 Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

*Recitative**[Aside]*

JUNO: He's in the right on't—hits it to a tittle—
 But Juno must display her tongue a little.

Air

I own my error, I repent
 Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
 Let thy lovely arms enfold me;
 Let thy stubborn heart relent.

Recitative

JUPITER: Egad, why this is more than I desire,
 'Tis from the frying-pan to meet the fire,
 Zounds, I've no stomach to the marriage bed; 130
 But something must be either sung or said.

Air

What is love ? the wise despise it ;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys :
Gods and heroes should not prize it,
Love aspires to greater joys.

Air continued

JUNO: What is love? 'tis nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest heaven of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.

Air continued

JUPITER : What is love ? an air-blown bubble, 140
 Only silly fools receive it ;
 'Tis a magazine of trouble ;
 'Tis but folly—thus I leave it.

[Jupiter runs off]

SCENE III

Recitative

JUNO : Gods, he is gone and I must curse my fate,
That linked my gentle love to such a mate ;
He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly-folding arms : oh ! such a partner !

Air

When a woman's tied down
To a spiritless log,
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog. 150

Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam ;
Abroad she may find
What she can't find at home.

SCENE IV

JUNO, CUPID

Recitative

CUPID : Ho ! mistress Juno—here's a storm a-brewing—

Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—this evening, I protest,
Jove and Miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO : How ! what ? when ? where ?—nay, prithee
now, unfold it. 160

CUPID : 'Gad—so I will ; for, faith, I cannot hold
it.

His mighty godship in a fiery flurry
Met me just now—confusion to his hurry !
I stopped his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back :
Bless me ! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vowed revenge, and now, by Styx, I'll take it.
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the thunderer, in his robes divine.
I undermined it all ; see, here's the letter— 170
Could dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt
no better ?

You know false spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO : Lend me your drops—oh ! I shall swoon with
passion !

I'll tear her eyes out ! oh ! I'll stab—I'll strangle !
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle !

CUPID : Nay, pray be calm ; I've hit off an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO : Sweet Cupid, your obedient—

CUPID : Tie Maia by the leg ; steal in her stead
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed ; 180
When the god enters let him take possession.

JUNO : O heavenly scheme ! O joy beyond expression !

CUPID : Nay, never stay ; delaying may confute it.

JUNO : O happy thought ! I fly to execute it.
[Exit Juno.]

SCENE V

Recitative

CUPID : See how she flies, whilst warring passions
shake her,
Nor thought nor lightning now can overtake her.

Air

How often in the married state
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe ;
Though, should we dive in nature's laws 190
To trace the first primæval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

Air changes

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of human kind ;
All the other passions move
In subjection under love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

SCENE VI

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a bowl**Recitative*

BACCHUS : 'Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis devilish
heady,

Olympus turns about ; (*staggers*) steady, boys,
steady !

200

Air

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,

I swear by this nectar his thundership lies :

A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,

And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

Air changes

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,

Heaven and earth and all is thine !

Search the drinking world around,

Bacchus everywhere sits crowned :

Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,

Unregarded thunders roll.

210

Air changes

Since man, as says each bearded sage,

Is but a piece of clay,

Whose mystic moisture lost by age,

To dust it falls away.

'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,

That drought will only fret it ;

To make the brittle stuff hold out,

Is thus to drink and wet it.

Recitative

Ah ! Master Cupid, 'slife, I did not see ye,

'Tis excellent champagne, and so here's to ye :

220

I bought it in these gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody strong—you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

Recitative

CUPID: Hence, monster, hence,
I scorn thy ivy branch,
Thy full flowing bowl
Degenerates the soul;
It puts our judgments down
And prostitutes our sense.

Recitative

BACCHUS: Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy
moral ! 230
He plays with ethics like a bell and coral.

Air

'Tis madness to think
To judge ere you drink,—
The bottom all wisdom contains:
Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

Recitative

CUPID: Hence, keep your distance, beast, and cease
your bawling,
Or with this dart I'll send you catterwauling.

Air

The charms of wine cannot compare 240
With the soft raptures of the fair:
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

Air

BACCHUS : Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,
And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind : 250
My mistress is here,
And, faith, I don't fear,
I always am happy, she always is kind.

Air changes

A pox o' your lasses !
A shot of my glasses
Your arrow surpasses ;
For nothing but asses
 Will draw in your team ;
Whilst thus I am drinking,
My misery sinking,
The cannikin clinking,
I'm lost to all thinking,
 And care is a dream.

Recitative

CUPID : Provoking insolence !

BACCHUS : What words it utters,
Alas ! poor little creature, how it sputters !

CUPID : Away, you drunkard wild—

BACCHUS: Away, you silly child—

CUPID : Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul.

BACCHUS : Zounds, I'll drown thee in the bowl ! 270

CUPID : You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor—

BACCHUS : You shadow, you poacher !
Ahoy !—bring me a stick here,
I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID : You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS : You tool of the fair—

CUPID : You moveable tun,
You tippler, you sot— 280

BACCHUS : Nay, then the work's done,
My arrow is shot. [*Throws the contents of the
bowl in Cupid's face, and runs off*]

SCENE VII

Recitative

CUPID : Kind usage this, it sorely shall befall him,
Here's my best arrow, and, by heaven, I'll maul
him.
Revenge ! revenge ! Oh, how I long to wound
him ;
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him !

Air

No more in the bowl
His brutalized soul
Shall find a retreat from the lass :
I'll pay him, 290
And slay him,
His love shall be dry as his glass. [*Exit*]

END OF ACT I

ACT II, SCENE I

BACCHUS, *with his bowl on his head*

Air

ALAS, alas ! how fast
 I feel my spirits sinking ;
 The joys of life are past,
 I've lost the power of drinking.
 'Egad, I find at last
 The heavenly charms of tinkling,
 And in the sound I cast
 The miseries of thinking.

300

Recitative

I'm plaguy ill—in devilish bad condition—
 What shall I do?—I'll send for a physician :
 But then the horrid fees—aye, there's the question—
 'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting,
 Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
 Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache.
 Come then, ye fiddlers, play up t'other bout,
 I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

Air

Scrape, ye fiddlers, tinkle, tinkle,
 Music makes my twinklers twinkle ; 310
 Humming,
 Thrumming,
 Groaning,
 Toning,
 Squeaking,
 Shrieking,
 Bawling,
 Squalling,

O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle !

Recitative

But this is trifling with the hot disease, 320
Nor wine nor brandy now can give me ease.

Air

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar-bottle fails,
He's in a most heavenly condition :
Unless he can drink,
To the grave he must sink,
And death be his only physician.

Recitative

Zounds, can't I guess the cause--hum--could I say a
Short prayer or two, with pretty Mistress Maia?
Ah ! there it is ! why, I was woundy stupid— 330
Faith, this is all the handy-work of Cupid.
Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding ;
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I'll shew the god that love and wine are well met.

Air

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky !
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound.
O the rapturous delights, 340
When with women wine unites !

Recitative

O here, my satyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone ! I'm dying for a sup.

Air

I'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,

In kisses and compliments lavish :
 When heated by wine,
 If she should not incline,
 I'll try all my courage, and ravish.

SCENE II : *A dark Room**Recitative*

JUNO : Now, Master Jupiter, I'll catch you
 napping— 350
 'Gad, you'll be finely hampered your own trap in.
 Would every husband follow your example,
 And take upon himself his own adorning,
 No more would wives upon their trammels trample,
 No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

Air

What wife but, like me,
 Her husband would see
 A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover ;
 If, mistaking her charms,
 He should die in her arms, 360
 And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover ?

Recitative

Impatiently I wait—

Air

Hark, hark ! the god approaches,
 He longs to ease his pain ;
 Oh, how this love encroaches
 Through every trembling vein.
 Oh, how my passion's rising,
 And thumping in my breast !
 'Tis something most surprising,
 I must be doubly blest. 370

Recitative

He's here : now prosper, Love, my undertaking.
I'll steal aside, I'm in a piteous quaking.

SCENE III

JUNO and BACCHUS

Recitative

BACCHUS : Now, pretty Mistress Maia, I'm your
humble—

But, faith, I'd better look before I tumble :
For should the little gipsy make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance,
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey.

Air

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport ; 380
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

Recitative

Zounds ! I've a project, and a fine one too—
What will not passion and invention do ?
I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition won't withstand his love.
But should she squall, and cry a rape, and scream on't,
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame on't.
The farce begins, the prologue's wonderous teasing,
Pray Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing ! 390

Air

Oh ! where is my Maia ? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid ?
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And shew me where Maia is laid.

Envious vapours, fly away ;
 Come, ye streaming lights, discover,
 To an ardent, dying lover,
 Maia and the charms of day.

Recitative

[*Aside*

JUNO : I have you fast, by all my wrongs, I'll fit ye,
 Wise as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye. 400

Air

Here thy longing Maia lies,
 Passion flaming in her eyes ;
 Whilst her heart
 Is thumping, beating,
 All in a heat, in
 Every part ;
 Like the ocean,
 All commotion,
 Through her veins the billows roll,
 And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul. 410

Recitative

[*Aside*

BACCHUS : Gods ! I have struck upon the very
 minute :

I shall be happy, or the devil's in it :
 It seems some assignation was intended,
 I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

Air

Happy, happy, happy hour !
 Cupid now exalts his power ;
 In my breast the passion raging,
 All my trembling frame engaging,
 Sets my every sense on fire ;
 Let us, Mala, now retire. 420

Recitative

JUNO : But, say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS : No ! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is yours, my wife shall never share it.

JUNO : 'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it. [*Aside*

Air

BACCHUS : Then let's away,
And never delay,
'Tis folly to stay 430
From rapture and love :
I sicken, I die ;
O come, let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

Air

JUNO : Then away !
I obey
Love and nature.

Air continued

BACCHUS : Since 'tis so,
Let us go, 440
Dearest creature !

SCENE IV

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER

Recitative

JUPITER : I heard a voice within, or else I'm tipsy—
Maia, where are you ? Come, you little gipsy.

BACCHUS : Maia's with me, sir ; who the devil are ye ?

Sirrah, be gone ; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER : Fine lingo this to Jupiter !—why truly I'm Jove the thunderer—

JUNO : Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS : 'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder !
Zounds, I'll sneak off before they find the blunder.

450

[*Aside*]

JUPITER : Breaking from above, below,
Flow, ye gleams of morning, flow ;
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthened ray !

[*Sudden light ; all astonished*]

BACCHUS : Zounds ! what can this mean ?

JUNO : I am all confusion !

JUPITER : Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster ! I may now be jealous ;
If I've my mistresses, you have your fellows :
I'm now a very husband without doubt, 460
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

Air

Was it for this, from morning to night,
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue ;
Ever complaining of coldness and slight,
And the same peal was eternally wrung ?
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banished my breast,
Poisoned with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinned to your sleeve, and denied to be blest ?

Recitative

I swear by Styx, and that's a horrid oath, 470
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO : Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious, too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS : And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's.

JUPITER : It cannot be—

Air

I'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO : I'll not be slighted, 480
I'll be righted,
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER : You pitiful cully— [To Bacchus

JUNO AND BACCHUS : You rakehelly bully, [To Jupiter
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering, 490
I defy.

JUPITER : Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, sir :
Here you come horning,
And adorning—

JUNO : You are a liar, sir.

BACCHUS : You lie, sir, you lie.

SCENE V

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID

Recitative

CUPID : Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing ;
 A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing. 500
 Oh ! ho ! immortals, why this catterwauling ?
 Through all Olympus I have heard you bawling.

JUNO : Ah ! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
 Has set all in the wrong box.
 Unravel quickly, for the thunderer swears
 To pull creation down about our ears.

Air

CUPID : Attend ! attend ! attend !
 God, demi-god, and fiend,
 Mortals and immortals see ;
 Hither turn your wondering eyes, 510
 See the rulers of the skies
 Conquered all, and slaves to me !

Recitative

JUPITER : Pox 'o your brawling ! haste, unriddle
 quickly,

Or, by the thunder of my power, I'll tickle ye !

CUPID : You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
 Came here, with Maia to be very happy ;
 But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
 Stepped in her room, of all your love to
 trap ye.
 Struck by my power, which the slave dared
 despise,
 Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
 And hither stealing to appease his love,

Thought Juno Maia : she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter,—are you all contented ?

JUNO : No, no ! not I—

BACCHUS : I'm glad I was prevented. [Aside

JUPITER : A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife :
How sad ! my interruption could not please
her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID : Soften, Jove, and ease her. 530

JUPITER : Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll
drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private.
[Aside

Air

Smoothe the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now :
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fixed to you.

JUNO : Then contented I resign
My prerogative of scolding ;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding. 540

CUPID : Then, jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out ?
If we have quarrelled, zounds ! we'll drink about.

Air

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without control,
'Tis to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting
 Are everywhere adored ;
 Its pleasures are inviting,
 All heaven it can afford. 540

BACCHUS : Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it :
 Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

Air [To the audience

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
 Permit me from myself to say :
 The juicy grape for you shall rise
 In all the colours of the skies ;
 For you the vine's delicious fruit
 Shall on the lofty mountains shoot ;
 And every wine to Bacchus dear
 Shall sparkle in perfection here. 550

Air

CUPID : For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms
 Make all my arrows useless arms,
 For you shall Handel's lofty flight
 Clash on the listening ear of night,
 And the soft, melting, sinking lay
 In gentle accents die away.
 And not a whisper shall appear
 Which modesty would blush to hear-

Air

JUNO : Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
 In valour and in conduct great, 560
 For you the rushing clang of arms,
 The yell of battle and alarms,
 Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
 And echo through the mantling sky.

Air

JUPITER : From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find ;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be displayed to pleasure you.
On you we build a wished success,
'Tis yours, like deities, to bless ; 570
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS : So, when along the eastern skies
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glowes in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

SONGS

(To be sung in 'The Revenge')

A BACCHANALIAN

SUNG BY MR REINHOLD

BACCHUS, ever smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour !
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy !

Here advance thy clustered crown,
 Send thy purple blessings down ; 10
 With the nine to please conspire,
 Wreathe the ivy round the lyre.

THE INVITATION

TO BE SUNG BY MRS BARTHELEMON AND BY
 MASTER CHENEY

AWAY to the woodlands, away !
 The shepherds are forming a ring,
 To dance to the honour of May,
 And welcome the pleasures of spring.
 The shepherdess labours a grace,
 And shines in her Sunday's array,
 And bears in the bloom of her face
 The charms and the beauties of May.
 Away to the woodlands away !
 The shepherds are forming a ring, etc. 10

Away to the woodlands, away !
 And join with the amorous train :
 'Tis treason to labour to-day,
 Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
 With garlands of primroses made,
 And crowned with the sweet blooming spray,
 Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
 We'll dance to the honour of May.
 Away to the, etc.

A BACCHANALIAN

WHAT is war and all its joys?
 Useless mischief, empty noise.

What are arms and trophies won?
 Spangles glittering in the sun.
 Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
 Happiness is only thine !

What is love without the bowl?
 'Tis a languor of the soul :
 Crowned with ivy, Venus charms ;
 Ivy courts me to her arms. 10
 Bacchus, give me love and wine,
 Happiness is only thine !

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain
 As e'er a shepherd of the plain
 In all the hundred round ;
 But Ralph has tempting shoulders true,
 And will as quickly buckle to
 As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
 And cudgels with an active grace,
 In everything complete !
 But Hobbinol can dance divine, 10
 Gods ! how his manly beauties shine,
 When jigging with his feet !

Roger is very stout and strong,
 And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
 Soft Giles is brisk and small.
 Who shall I choose ? who shall I shun ?
 Why must I be confined to one ?
 Why can't I have them all ?

THE HAPPY PAIR

STREPHON : Lucy, since the knot was tied,
 Which confirmed thee Strephon's bride
 All is pleasure, all is joy,
 Married love can never cloy ;
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
 Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY : Whilst thy kindness every hour
 Gathers pleasure with its power,
 Love and tenderness in thee
 Must be happiness to me.
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
 Marriage is substantial bliss.

10

BOTH : Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
 Ruler of the happy train,
 Lift thy flaming torch above
 All the flights of wanton love ;
 Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
 Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON : Blest with thee, the sultry day
 Flies on wings of down away.
 Labouring o'er the yellow plain
 Open to the sun and rain,
 All my painful labours fly,
 When I think my Lucy's nigh.

20

LUCY : O my Strephon, could my heart
 Happiness to thee impart,
 Joy should sing away the hour,
 Love should every pleasure shower :

Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee. 30

BOTH : God like Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love ;
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT

A BURLETTA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Distort</i>	MR BANNISTER
<i>Counsellor Latitat</i>	MR REINHOLD
<i>Endorse</i>	MASTER CHENEY
<i>Lady Tempest</i>	MRS THOMPSON

ACT I, SCENE I

LADY TEMPEST AND LATITAT

LATITAT : I tell you, Lady Tempest—

LADY TEMPEST : And I tell you, Mr Latitat, it shall not be.—I'll have no Society of Antiquaries meet here. None but the honourable Members of the Coterie shall assemble here, you shall know.

LATITAT : Suspend your rage, Lady Tempest, and let me open my brief. Have you not this day, moved by the instigation of the devil,

and not having the fear of God before your eyes, wilfully and wittingly and maliciously, driven all my friends out of my house? Was it done like a woman of quality? 10

LADY TEMPEST: It was done like a woman of spirit: a character, it shall ever be my task to maintain.

Air

Away with your maxims, and dull formal rules,
The shackles of pleasure, and trammels of fools;
For wisdom and prudence I care not a straw,
I'll act as I please, for my will is my law. 20

LATITAT: But upon my soul, Madam, I have one more consideration which should especially move you to bridle your passion, for it spoils your face. When you knocked down Lord Rust with the bust of Marcus Aurelius, you looked the very picture of the Alecto last taken out of the Herculaneum.

Air

Passion worse than age will plough
Furrows on the frowning brow;
Rage and passion will disgrace
Every beauty of the face; 30
Whilst good-nature will supply
Beauties, which can never die.

LADY TEMPEST: Mr Latitat, I won't be abused—Did I for this condescend to forget my quality and marry such a tautology of nothing?—I will not be abused.

SCENE II

DISTORT, LATITAT, LADY TEMPEST

DISTORT: Pray, Madam, what has enraged you?
May I have the honour of knowing?

LATITAT: Mr Distort shall be our referee. 40

LADY TEMPEST: That is, if I please, sir.

LATITAT: Pray, my lady, let me state the case,
and you may afterwards make a reply.
You must know, sir—

LADY TEMPEST: Yes, sir, you must know, this
morning Mr Latitat had invited all his anti-
quated friends, Lord Rust, Horatio Trefoil,
Col. Tragedus, Professor Vase, and Counterfeit
the Jew, to sit upon a brass half-penny, which
being a little worn, they agreed, *nem. con.*, 50
to be an Otho.

LATITAT: And it is further necessary to be
known, that, while we were all warm in
debate upon the premises, my lady made a
forcible entry into the parlour, and seizing an
antique bust of Marcus Aurelius, of malice
propense and aforethought, did, with three
blows of the said bust, knock down Anthony,
Viscount Rust, and—

LADY TEMPEST: And drove them all out of the 60
house.

LATITAT: And furthermore—

LADY TEMPEST: Silence Mr Latitat, I insist
on the privilege of English wife.

LATITAT : And moreover—

DISTORT : Nay, Counsellor, as I am your referee, I command silence. Pray what do you lay your damages at?

LATITAT : My lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans, which, in spite of all my endeavours 70
to open her eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Pagod, and upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the prosecution.

DISTORT : 'Tis a trifle, Madam, let him have it, it may turn to account. [*Aside to Lady*]

LADY TEMPEST : A very toy : he shall have it instantly, on condition I have the use of my tongue.

Air

What are all your favourite joys?

What are [all] our pleasures?

* * * * * *

80

ON MR ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER

YE nine, awake the chorded shell,

Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell

In truth-dictated lays :

On wings of genius take thy flight,

O muse ! above the Olympic height,

Make echo sing his praise.

Nature, in all her glory drest,
Her flowery crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ; 10
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind ;
So taking are his men displayed,
That oft the unguarded wounded maid
Hath wished the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow, 20
The hoary woods to nod ;
The curling hair the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie ?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye. 30

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving showers,
Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of fame,
And own the seat thy due.

ASAPHIDES

TO MISS BUSH, OF BRISTOL

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore
 Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
 And foaming pour along,
 To you I urge the plaintive strain,
 And though a lover sings in vain,
 Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
 Since all my torments were repaid
 With frowns or languid sneers ;
 With assiduities no more
 Your captive will your health implore,
 Or tease you with his tears.

10

Now to the regions where the sun
 Does his hot course of glory run,
 And parches up the ground ;
 Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
 A long eternal dog-star reigns,
 And splendour flames around :

There will I go, yet not to find
 A fire intenser than my mind,
 Which burns a constant flame :
 There will I lose thy heavenly form,
 Nor shall remembrance, raptured, warm,
 Draw shadows of thy frame.

20

In the rough element, the sea,
 I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
 And sink each lovely charm :
 No more my bosom shall be torn,
 No more, by wild ideas borne,
 I'll cherish the alarm.

30

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
 Soon would my feeble purpose find
 Thy sway within my breast :
 But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
 Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
 Forget her, and be blest.

CELORIMON

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD

HAD Israel's monarch, when misfortune's dart
 Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
 Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart,
 At such soft tones, had soothed itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,
 Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm ?
 Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
 The melting movements wound us as they charm.

TO MISS CLARKE

To sing of Clarke my muse aspires,
 A theme by charms made quite divine.
 Ye tuneful virgins, sound your lyres,
 Apollo aid the feeble line.

If truth and virtue, wit and charms,
 May for a fixed attention call,
 The darts of love and wounding arms—
 The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.

'Tis not the tincture of a skin,
 The rosy lip, the charming eye ; 10
 No, 'tis a greater power within,
 That bids the passion never die.

These Clarke possesses, and much more.
 All beauty in her glances sport ;
 She is the goddess all adore
 In country, city, and at court.

ACROSTIC ON MISS SALLY CLARKE

SERAPHIC virgins of the tuneful choir,
 Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre.
 Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair,
 Let the smooth numbers warble in the air.
 Ye prudes, coquettes, and all the misled throng,
 Can beauty, virtue, sense, demand the song?
 Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite :
 A beauteous pattern to the always-right.
 Rest here, my muse, nor soar above thy sphere—
 Kings might pay adoration to the fair, 10
 Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

A SONG

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM, OF BRISTOL

As spring now approaches with all his gay train,
 And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
 Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
 Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control ; 10
In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by heaven was designed
The only fixed means of improving the mind ;
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest. 20

Shall the beautiful flowerets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red-blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me ?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah ! what are the beauties, the glories of spring ?
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

C.

London, 4th May, 1770.

A NEW SONG

TO MR G. CATCOTT

AH blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
 My notions and actions run far ;
 How can my ideas do other but stray,
 Deprived of their ruling north-star ?

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if, mounted aloft,
 I chatter, and spoil the dull air ;
 How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
 When discord's the voice of my fair ?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
 If Harding was girlish and cold, 10
 If never an ogle was got from Miss Grimes,
 If Flavia was blasted and old ;

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
 Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh ;
 I scorned like a monkey to dangle my chain,
 And paint them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome ; I flamed and I burned,
 I died to obtain the bright queen :
 But when I beheld my epistle returned,
 By Jesu, it altered the scene. 20

'She's damnable ugly,' my vanity cried,
 'You lie,' says my conscience, 'you lie.'
 Resolving to follow the dictates of pride,
 I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But would she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.

SONG

FANNY OF THE HILL

If gentle love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still ;
And all my ravished nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill ; 10
Ye gods ! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty power, eternal fate,
My happiness to fill,
O ! bless a wretched lover's state
With Fanny of the Hill. 20

TO MRS HAYWOOD, THE NOVELIST

LET Sappho's name be heard no more,
 Or Dido's fate by bards be sung,
 When on the billow-beaten shore
 The echo of Æneas rung.

Love, the great ruler of the breast,
 Proud and impatient to control,
 In every novel stands confessed
 Waking to nature's scenes the soul.

Haywood ! thy genius was divine ;
 The softer passions owned thy sway ; 10
 Thy easy prose, the flowing line,
 Accomplishments supreme display.

Pope, son of envy and of fame,
 Penned the invidious line in vain ;
 To blast thy literary name
 Exceeds the power of human strain.

Ye gay, ye sensible, ye fair,
 To what her genius wrote, attend ;
 You'll find engaging morals there
 To help the lover and the friend. 20

TO MR HOLLAND

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
 To sing thy merit in each varied part,
 When action, eloquence, and ease combined,
 Make nature but a copy of thy art ?

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helmed, mountain-rooted tree ;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear ;
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise ; 10
In pity, gentle as the falling tear ;
In all, superior to my feeble lays.

Black anger's sudden rise, ecstatic pain ;
Tormenting jealousy's self-cankering sting ;
Consuming envy, with her yelling train ;
Fraud, closely shrouded with the turtle's wing :

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod.
In thee, by art, the demon stands confessed
But nature on thy soul has stamped the god. 20

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue ;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feigned woe, we're really distressed,
At thy feigned tears, we let the real fall ;
By every judge of nature 'tis confessed,
No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

D. B.

Bristol, 21st July [1769].

TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS
HOYLAND

FAR distant from Britannia's lofty isle,
What shall I find to make the genius smile?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew;
The variegated daughters of the land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
All the rich pleasures nature's store-house yields, 10
Have all their powers to wake the chorded string:
But still they're subjects that the muse can sing.
Hoyland, more beauteous than the god of day,
Her name can quicken and awake the lay;
Rouse the soft muse from indolence and ease,
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland, rise:
'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the eastern skies;
'Tis she alone deprives us of the light;
And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night. 20
To tell the separate beauties of her face
Would stretch eternity's remotest space,
And want a more than man to pen the line;
I rest—let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine.

TO MISS HOYLAND

ONCE more the muse to beauteous Hoyland sings ;
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland ! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise,
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature ! Charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine. 10
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
O for a muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the epode rise ;
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face
Of my seraphic maid, whose beauteous charms
Might court the world to rush at once to arms ;
Whilst the fair goddess, native of the skies,
Shall sit above, and be the victor's prize. 20
O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire ;
When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
My pulse beats high ; my throbbing breast's on fire
In sad variety of wild desire.
O Hoyland ! heavenly goddess ! angel ! saint !
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint ;
Thou best, completest work that nature made,
Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade. 30

Possessed of thee, I joyfully would go
Through the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
From thee alone my being I derive,
One beauteous smile from thee makes all my hopes
 alive.

TO MISS HOYLAND

SINCE short the busy scene of life will prove,
Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love ;
To love with passions pure as morning light,
Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night,
With rosy mantles do the heavens streak,
Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.
The joys of nature in her ruined state
Have little pleasure, though the pains are great.
Virtue and love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that nature leads to true delight. 10
Oft as I wander through the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terror, lest I should offend
The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure, to the vile unknown.
But when the body charming, and the mind
To every virtuous christian act inclined,
Meet in one person, maid and angel join,
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine? 20
What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers :
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last:

Love means an unadulterated flame,
Though lust too oft usurps the sacred name ;
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of love. 30
Oh, were my merit great enough to find
A favoured station in my Hoyland's mind,
Then would my happiness be quite complete,
And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND

TELL me, god of soft desires,
Little Cupid, wanton boy,
How thou kindlest up thy fires,
Giving pleasing pain and joy ?

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
Striking glances are thy darts :
Making conquests never slow,
Ever gaining conquered hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
Juno's in her portly air ; 10
Not Britannia's favourite isle
Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
Where disorder springs around,
If the lovely fair is there,
'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland ! blest with thee,
I'd the raging storm defy,
In thy smiles I live, am free ;
When thou frownest, I must die. 20

TO MISS HOYLAND

COUNT all the flowers that deck the meadow's side,
 When Flora flourishes in new-born pride ;
 Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky ;
 Count all the birds that through the ether fly ;
 Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
 That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze ;
 Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass ;
 Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
 Through the blue ether, or tempestuous roar ;
 Count all the sands upon the breaking shore ; 10
 Count all the minutes since the world began ;
 Count all the troubles of the life of man ;
 Count all the torments of the damned in hell ;
 More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph
 excel.

TO MISS HOYLAND

Sweet are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
 Sweet as the flowers in bloom of spring arrayed ;
 Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
 As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.
 Then why, when mild good nature basking lies
 'Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes ;
 When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
 And tune its tones to every note of love ;
 Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
 And (changed their movements) kill me in a frown ? 10

Yet is it true, or is it dark despair
 That fears your cruel whilst it owns you fair ?

O speak, dear Hoyland ! speak my certain fate,
 Thy love enrapturing, or thy constant hate.
 If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
 Ev'n death were better than suspense so long.

TO MISS HOYLAND

Go, gentle muse, and to my fair one say,
 My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay ;
 That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
 And friendship warms me with her chaster fires.
 Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
 Than the soft turtle's, cooing in the grove ;
 More than the lark delights to mount the sky,
 Then, sinking on the greensward, soft to lie ;
 More than the bird of eve, at close of day,
 To pour in solemn solitude her lay ; 10
 More than grave Camplin with his deep-toned note,
 To mouth the sacred service got by rote ;
 More than sage Catcott does his storm of rain,
 Sprung from the abyss of his eccentric brain ;
 Or than his wild-antique and sputtering brother
 Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother ;
 More than soft Lewis, that sweet pretty thing,
 Loves in the pulpit to display his ring ;
 More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
 And more than Bristol aldermen their dinner. 20
 (When full four pounds of the well-fattened haunch
 In twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch.)

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
 Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love :
 But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
 Speak my dread fate, and bless thy favourite swain.

D. B.

TO MISS HOYLAND

WITH A PRESENT

ACCEPT, fair nymph this token of my love,
 Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain :
 By every sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
 And act as worthy for to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
 Chase the faint shadows of the night away ;
 Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
 And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
 Adore the charming author of my smart ;
 For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
 And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

10

ACROSTIC ON MISS ELEANOR
HOYLAND

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of love ;
 Life stripped of amorous joys would irksome prove :
 E'en heaven's great thunderer wore the easy chain,
 And over all the world love keeps his reign.
 No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
 Or I than others am more tender made.
 Right through my heart a burning arrow drove,
 Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of love.
 Oh ! torture inexpressibly severe !
 You are the pleasing author of my care.

10

Look down, fair angel, on a swain distressed
A gracious smile from you would make me blest
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief,
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

AMIDST the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
The bending mountain's head ;
Whilst evening, moving through the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
Her pitchy robes doth spread ;

There, gently moving through the vale,
Bending before the blustering gale,
Fell apparitions glide ;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round, 10
The drear reverberating sound
Runs through the mountain side ;

Then steal I softly to the grove,
And, singing of the nymph I love,
Sigh out my sad complaint ;
To paint the tortures of my mind,
Where can the muses numbers find ?
Ah ! numbers are too faint !

Ah ! Hoyland, empress of my heart,
When will thy breast admit the dart, 20
And own a mutual flame ?
When, wandering in the myrtle groves,
Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,
Pleasures without a name ?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
 When will the little god perplex
 The mansions of thy breast?
 When wilt thou own a flame as pure
 As that seraphic souls endure,
 And make thy Baker blest?

30

O ! haste to give my passion ease,
 And bid the perturbation cease
 That harrows up my soul !
 The joy such happiness to find
 Would make the functions of my mind
 In peace and love to roll.

THE COMPLAINT

ADDRESSED TO MISS P—L—, OF BRISTOL

LOVE, lawless tyrant of my breast,
 When will my passions be at rest,
 And in soft murmurs roll—
 When will the dove-eyed goddess, Peace,
 Bid black despair and torment cease,
 And wake to joy my soul?

Adieu ! ye flower-bespangled hills ;
 Adieu ! ye softly-purling rills,
 That through the meadows play ;
 Adieu ! the cool refreshing shade,
 By hoary oaks and woodbines made,
 Where oft with joy I lay.

10

No more beneath your boughs I hear,
With pleasure unallayed by fear,
The distant Severn roar—
Adieu ! the forest's mossy side
Decked out in Flora's richest pride :
Ye can delight no more.

Oft at the solitary hour
When melancholy's silent power 20
Is gliding through the shade ;
With raging madness by her side,
Whose hands, in blood and murder dyed,
Display the reeking blade,

I catch the echo of their feet,
And follow to their drear retreat
Of deadliest nightshade wove :
There, stretched upon the dewy ground,
Whilst noxious vapours rise around,
I sigh my tale of love. 30

Oft has the solemn bird of night,
When rising to his gloomy flight,
Unseen against me fled ;
Whilst snakes in curling orbs uprolled,
Bedropped with azure, flame, and gold,
Hurled poison at my head.

O say ! thou best of womankind,
Thou miracle, in whom we find
Wit, charms, and sense unite,
Can plagues like these be always borne ? 40
No ; if I still must meet your scorn,
I'll seek the realms of night.

C.

TO MR POWEL

WHAT language, Powel ! can thy merits tell,
 By nature formed in every path t' excel,
 To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
 When every passion bends beneath thy will ?
 Loud as the howlings of the northern wind,
 Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind ;
 But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
 When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
 How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—
 Each melting heart must sympathise with thee. 10

Yet, though designed in every walk to shine,
 Thine is the furious, and the tender thine ;
 Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire
 Still force the willing gazers to admire,
 Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
 We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

THE ADVICE

ADDRESSED TO MISS M[ARIA] R[UMSEY], OF
 BRISTOL

REVOLVING in their destined sphere,
 The hours begin another year,
 As rapidly to fly ;
 Ah ! think, Maria, (ere in grey
 Those auburn tresses fade away),
 So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,

And all before you bow ;

Whilst, unattentive to the strain,

10

You hear the humble muse complain,

Or wreath your frowning brow :

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,

In opposition to the nine,

Still violates your name:

Though tales of passion, meanly told,

As dull as Cumberland, as cold,

Strive to confess a flame :

Yet, when that bloom and dancing fire

In silvered reverence shall expire,

20

Aged, wrinkled, and defaced ;

To keep one lover's flame alive

Requires the genius of a Clive,

With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,

Though beyond simile you're fair,

Free, affable, serene ;

Yet still one attribute divine

Should in your composition shine,

Sincerity, I mean.

30

Though numerous swains before you fall,

'Tis empty admiration all,

'Tis all that you require ;

How momentary are their chains !

Like you, how insincere the strains

Of those who but admire !

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see

Maria can be true :

No more, for fools or empty beaux
Heaven's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue ;

40

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms
And meet his generous breast
Or, if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse, with tattered fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.

D. B.

1st January 1770.

TO HORACE WALPOLE

WALPOLE, I thought not I should ever see
So mean a heart as thine has proved to be.
Thou who, in luxury nursed, behold'st with scorn
The boy, who, friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
Asks thy high favour—thou mayest call me cheat.
Say, didst thou never practise such deceit?
Who wrote Otranto? but I will not chide :
Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride.
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
And twaddling letters to some fair indite ;
Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those
Who, for thy fame, were better friends than foes ;
Still spurn th' incautious fool who dares—

10

* * * * *

Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
Not poor and mean, Walpole ! thou hadst not dared
Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and damned.

T. C.

TO A FRIEND

6th March 1768

Dear Friend.—I have received both your favours—
The muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELMED with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the muse.
Begin, O servant of the sacred nine !
And echo joy through every nervous line ;
Bring down the ethereal choir to aid the song ;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.
My Baker's well ! Oh words of sweet delight !
Now ! now ! my muse, soar up the Olympic height.
What wondrous numbers can the goddess find
To paint the ecstatic raptures of my mind ? 10
I leave it to a goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO A FRIEND

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE, dear M[ason], is a serious thing ;
'Tis proper every man should think it so ;
'Twill either every human blessing bring,
Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,
Neither supremely blest, nor deeply cursed ;
A stagnant pool of life, a dream of fate :
In my opinion, of all states the worst.

Observe the partner of thy future state :
If no strong vice is stamped upon her mind, 10
Take her ; and let her ease thy amorous pain :
A little error proves her human-kind.

What we call vices are not always such ;
Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name :
Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
And to another stretch her rising flame.

Choose no religionist ; whose every day
Is lost to thee and thine, to none a friend :
Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend. 20

Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold ;
A Smithfield-marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.

Marry no lettered damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine :
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed ;
What the brains want will often elsewhere shine.

A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife : 30
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

VERSES

TO A LADY IN BRISTOL

To use a worn-out simile,
 From flower to flower the busy bee
 With anxious labour flies,
 Alike from scents which give distaste,
 By fancy as disgusting placed,
 Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
 The fopling of some gay parterre,
 The mimicry of art,
 But round the meadow-violet dwells ;
 Nature, replenishing his cells,
 Does ampler stores impart.

10

So I, a humble dumble drone,
 Anxious and restless when alone,
 Seek comfort in the fair ;
 And featured up in tenfold brass,
 A rhyming, staring, amorous ass,
 To you address my prayer.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
 Nature untouched by art delights—
 Art ever gives disgust.

20

‘Why?’ says some priest of mystic thought ;
 The bard alone, by nature taught,
 Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine;
 If ye perchance should read this line
 Which fancy now inspires :

Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His hell, his heaven, his solemn airs,
Quench nature's rising fires?

30

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
Nature's the god I own :
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only hell,
No other hell is known.

I, steeled by destiny, was born
Well fenced against a woman's scorn,
Regardless of that hell ;
I, fired by burning planets, came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
And bid the bosom swell.

40

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
To make a safe return.

A reverend cully mully puff
May call this letter odious stuff,
With no Greek motto graced ;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain,
'The dog's insufferably vain
To think to please my taste !'

50

This vanity, this impudence
Is all the merit, all the sense
Through which to fame I trod ;

These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
 Procure me friends and notice too,
 And shall gain you, by God.

60

THE CONSULIAD

AN HEROIC POEM

OF warring senators, and battles dire,
 Of quails uneaten, muse, awake the lyre !
 Where Campbell's chimneys overlook the square,
 And Newton's future prospects hang in air ;
 Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
 And Caledonian earls in concert scratch ;
 A group of heroes occupied the round,
 Long in the rolls of infamy renowned.
 Circling the table all in silence sat,
 Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat ; 10
 Now picking ortolans and chicken slain
 To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine* ;
 Now storming castles of the newest taste,
 And granting articles to forts of paste ;
 Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer ;
 Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
 The god of cabinets and senates saw
 His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated discord heard, and left her cell,
 With all the horrors of her native hell ; 20
 She on the soaring wings of genius fled,
 And waved the pen of Junius round her head.
 Beneath the table, veiled from sight, she sprung,
 And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue :

Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
 Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack ;
 Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
 Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock ;
 Whose attributes detestable have long
 Been evident and infamous in song. 30
 A toast's demanded : Madoc swift arose,
 Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes :
 His sanguine fork a murdered pigeon pressed,
 His knife with deep incision sought the breast ;
 Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
 And too much expedition chained his tongue ;
 When thus he sputtered : ' All the glasses fill,
 And toast the great Pendragon of the hill,
 Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
 From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs : 40
 Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
 You see the mighty monarch in his face :
 Madoc, in bagnios and in courts adored,
 Demands this proper homage of the board '.

' Monarchs ! ' said Twitcher, setting down his beer,
 His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer ;
 ' Monarchs—of mole-hills, oyster-beds, a rock—
 These are the grafters of your royal stock :
 My pony Scrub can sires more valiant trace—'
 The mangled pigeon thunders on his face ; 50
 His opening mouth the melted butter fills,
 And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
 Furious he started, rage his bosom warms ;
 Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
 ' Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
 Grown wanton with the excrements of state,
 This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends—'
 His shadow body to the table bends,

His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days for three a meal ; 60
In ancient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest eat three a day.
With godlike strength the grinning Twitcher plies
His stretching muscles, and the mountain flies.
Swift as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain
It flew, and scattered drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives ;
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Pressed with the steamy load that oozed around. 70
And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercised in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With Dyson trammelled, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law :
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young—
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To fortune thus addressed his private prayer : 80
'Goddess of fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-winged victory my untried fist :
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn ;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet ;
And hanging cutters decorate each street'.
The goddess smiled, or rather smoothed her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown ;
Instilled a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspired, he seized a Gallic roll ; 90
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew ;

Curraras, for his Jewish soul renowned,
Received it on his ear, and kissed the ground :
Curraras, versed in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part ;
Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
A title made him infamously great ;
A slave to venal slaves, a tool to tools,
The representative to knaves and fools. 100
But see commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit :
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head ;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and venison their attention draws :
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address ;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less ?
By disappointment vexed, Balluntun flies,
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes. 110
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands :
One pointed fist his shadowed corpse defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends :
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fired with anguish and inflamed by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side :
With pattering blows prolongs the unequal fight ;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might. 120
But fortune, (or some higher power or god),
Oblique extended forth a sable rod :
As Twitcher retrograde maintained the fray,
The hardened serpent intercepts his way :
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crushed into atoms the judicial chair.

Curraras, for his Jewish soul renowned,
Arose, but deafened with a singing sound.
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows ;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows. 130
Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls ;
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes :
His India waistcoat, reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is general ; fowl repulses fowl ;
The victors thunder, and the vanquished howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That decked the powers above, disgraced below. 140
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Draper to improve his diction fight ;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog, early of the jockey club,
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorical tub,
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Versed in the arts of ammunition-bread,
He waved a red-wheat manchet round his head. 150
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occurred, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose received the weapon dire :
A double river of congealing blood
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar ;
Mad as B—rg—e when, groping through the park,
He kissed his own dear lady in the dark ; 160

The lineal representative of kings
A carving weapon seized, and up he springs :
A weapon long in cruel murders stained,
For mangling captive carcasses ordained.
But fortune, providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still,
In Fero's person seized a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips and contracts, flaming hot,
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry :
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry, 170
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade,
Whose every action is of trifles made,
At Grafton's well-stored table ever found ;
Like Grafton too for every vice renowned :
Grafton, to whose immortal sense we owe
The blood which will from civil discord flow ;
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the ripening vengeance of the axe : 180
Flaccus, the youthful, *degagé*, and gay,
With eye of pity saw the dreary fray :
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence and easy flow
Of talk verbose, whose meaning none can know,
He mounts the table, but through eager haste
His foot upon a smoking court-pie placed :
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew ; 190
But, learnedly heroic, he disdains
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table now he stands,
Waves his high-powdered head and ruffled hands.

' Friends ! Let this clang of hostile fury cease,
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace ;
Shall olios, from internal battle dressed,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast ?
Shall javelin bottles blood ethereal spill ?
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill ?' 200
More had he said : when, from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue :
And, ah ! misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher rising seized a polished bone ;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs ;
Headlong he falls, propelled by thickening bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic famed,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals named,
By mortals Alavat in common styled—
Nursed in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child— 210
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and vital spirits fraught ;
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends :
Doxo, made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds :
He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Reposed him weary on his painful crup :
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown : 220
The sanguine tumour swells ; again he falls ;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnoticed in the muse-taught song :
Tyro, for necromancy far renowned,
A greater adept than Agrippa found ;
Oft as his phantom-reasons intervened,
De Vir is pensioned, the defaulter screened ;

Another Carteret remains in Clare ;
In Fletcher, fifty Jefferies appear ; 230
Tyro stood neuter, till the champions, tired,
In languid attitudes a truce desired.
Long was the bloody fight ; confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre :
Suffice it, that each hero kissed the ground,
Tyro excepted, for old laws renowned ;
Who stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issued forth his dread command.
' Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
In the king's name, let hostile vengeance cease ! ' 240
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
' What fury, nobles, occupies your breast ?
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possessed ?
Nor honorary gifts nor pensions please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees ?
How, wist you not what ancient sages said ?
" The council quarrels, and the poor have bread " 250
See this court-pie with twenty-thousand dressed ;
Be every thought of enmity at rest :
Divide it, and be friends again ' , he said :
The council-god returned ; and discord fled.

C.

Bristol, 4th January 1770

EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND MR CATCOTT

6th December 1769

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind !
How narrow are our prospects, how confined !
With universal vanity possessed,
We fondly think our own ideas best ;
Our tottering arguments are ever strong ;
We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.

What philosophic sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear ?
What pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth ? 10
What blushing author ever ranked his muse
With Fowler's, poet-laureate of the stews ?
Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
All in the language of apostles cry,
If angels contradict me, angels lie.
As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain :
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene ; 20
Dull single acts of many-footed prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose ;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of creation's blessings cloy ;
Their senses dozing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme :

So virgins, tottering into ripe three-score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new ^asystems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old ; 30
Prove nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primæval light.
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world would have you prove it too :
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best ; one only can be right,
Though all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell. 40
Writers on rolls of science long renowned
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still ;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust,
An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn ?
A mitred rascal to his long-eared flocks
Gives ill example, to his whores, the pox. 50
Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
And saddle all his faults on nature's back ;
But hold, there's solid reason to revere :
His lordship has six thousand pounds a year.
In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
He fasts at Arthur's, and he prays at White's ;
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tailed six,
At White's, the Athanasian creed for tricks ;
Whilst the poor curate in his rusty gown
Trudges unnoticed through the dirty town. 60

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.
The servants of the devil are revered,
And bishops pull the fathers by the beard.
Yet in these horrid forms salvation lives,
These are religion's representatives ;
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
But sure religion can produce at least
One minister of God—one honest priest.

70

Search nature o'er, procure me if you can
The fancied character, an honest man ;
(A man of sense, not honest by constraint,
For fools are canvas, living but in paint).
To mammon or to superstition slaves,
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves ;
In the first attribute by none surpassed,
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confined ;
Few see too far ; how many are half blind ?
How are your feeble arguments perplexed
To find out meaning in a senseless text ?
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
And words can philosophic truths conceal.
What Paracelsus humoured as a jest,
You realise, to prove your system best.
Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for scripture hath devoured your sense ?
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
See nature marshal oozy atoms right ;
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free ;
We need not inspiration how to see.
If scripture contradictory you find,
Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

80

90

How blinded are their optics who aver
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths we never meant?
Which couches systems in a single word,
At once depraved, abstruse, sublime, absurd? 100

What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learned in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that inspiration's given,
The copy of philosophy in heaven,
Strikes at religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand hells.
Attentive search the scriptures, and you'll find
What vulgar errors are with truths combined.
Your tortured truths, which Moses seemed to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe; 110
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of holy writ!

What knotty difficulties fancy solves!
The heavens irradiate, and the earth revolves;
But here imagination is allowed
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many-coloured coat.

O inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light! 120
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drenched thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;
If thou hast favoured Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit. 130
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, though in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Though pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chant your name ;
Though in each tailor's bookcase Catcott shines,
With ornamental flowers and gilded lines ; 140
Though youthful ladies, who by instinct scan
The natural philosophy of man,
Can every reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat ;
Yet check your flowing pride : will all allow
To wreathe the laboured laurel round your brow ?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense :
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue. 150
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckoned weak,
As nothing but my mother-tongue I speak ;
Else would I ask, by what immortal power
All nature was dissolved as in an hour ?
How, when the earth acquired a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combined ? 160
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Hardened to rocks, the barriers of the deep,

Why did not earth unite a stony mass,
 Since stony filaments through all must pass?
 If on the wings of air the planets run,
 Why are they not impelled into the sun?
 Philosophy, nay, common sense, will prove
 All passives with their active agents move.
 If the diurnal motion of the air
 Revolves the planets in their destined sphere, 170
 How are the secondary orbs impelled?
 How are the moons from falling headlong held?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply;
 And who will give Eternity the lie?
 I own the awful truth, that God made all,
 And by His fiat worlds and systems fall;
 But study nature; not an atom there
 Will, unassisted by her powers, appear.
 The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
 For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest. 180

Some fancy God is what we nature call,
 Being itself material, all in all;
 The fragments of the Deity we own,
 Is vulgarly as various matter known.
 No agents could assist creation's birth:
 We trample on our God, for God is earth.
 'Tis past the power of language to confute
 This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must imagination soar,
 To reach absurdities unknown before! 190
 Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
 From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
 Restrain, O muse! thy unaccomplished lines,
 Fling not thy saucy satire at divines;
 This single truth thy brother bards must tell,
 Thou hast one excellence, of railing well;

But disputations are befitting those
Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O learning ! where are all thy fancied joys,
Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys? 200
Proud of thy own importance, though we see
We've little reason to be proud of thee :
Thou putrid foetus of a barren brain,
Thou offspring illegitimate of pain.

Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
You claim the preference to men of sense ?
[Burgum] wants learning : see the lettered throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
Their native language, but declaim in Greek. 210
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of your schools ?
[Burgum] has parts, parts which would set aside
The laboured acquisitions of your pride ;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent beauties rise ;
His gold is bullion, yours debased with brass,
Impressed with folly's head to make it pass. 220

But [Burgum] swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders rattle through the listening street.
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear ;
Observe his virtues : calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown.
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a [Burgum] than a saint.

Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
 The muse will go where merit leads the way : 230
 The owls of learning may admire the night,
 But [Burgum] shines with reason's glowing light.

Still admonition presses to my pen,
 The infant muse would give advice to men.
 But what avails it, since the man I blame
 Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
 In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
 Catcott is every notion orthodox.
 If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
 You're a detested heretic in sense. 240
 But oh ! how lofty your ideas roar,
 In showing wondering cits the fossil store !
 The ladies are quite ravished, as he tells
 The short adventures of the pretty shells ;
 Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
 Madam more prudent thinks 'twould seem too much.
 The doors fly open, instantly he draws
 The spary lode, and wonders of applause ;
 The full-dressed lady sees with envying eye
 The sparkle of her diamond pendants die ; 250
 Sage natural philosophers adore
 The fossil whimsies of the numerous store.
 But see ! the purple stream begins to play ;
 To shew how fountains climb the hilly way :
 Hark what a murmur echoes through the throng.
 Gods ! that the pretty trifle should be wrong !
 Experience in the voice of reason tells,
 Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now ?
 See what a triumph sits upon his brow. 260
 And can the poor applause of things like these,
 Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,

Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
Catcott, the foremost of the judging few?
So at Llewellyn's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits ;
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
Empties his pint, and sputters his decrees.

20th December 1769

MR CATCOTT will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned Remarks. This poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of truth.—The many admirers of Mr Catcott may, on perusal of this, rank me as an enemy : but I am indifferent in all things ; I value neither the praise nor the censure of the multitude.

[EXTRACT FROM] THE EXHIBITION : A PERSONAL SATIRE

THIS truth, this mighty truth—if truth can shine
In the smooth polish of a laboured line—
Catcott by sad experience testifies ;
And who shall tell a sabled priest he lies ?
Bred to the juggling of the spacious band
Predestinated to adorn the land,
The selfish Catcott ripened to a priest,
And wore the sable livery of the Beast.

By birth to prejudice and whim allied,
 And heavy with hereditary pride,
 He modelled pleasure by a fossil rule,
 And spent his youth to prove himself a fool ;
 Buried existence in a lengthened cave,
 And lost in dreams whatever nature gave.

10

1st May 1770

FABLES FOR THE COURT

Addressed to Mr Michael Clayfield, of Bristol

THE SHEPHERDS

MORALS, as critics must allow,
 Are almost out of fashion now ;
 And, if we credit Dodsley's word,
 All applications are absurd.
 What has the author to be vain in
 Who knows his fable wants explaining,
 And substitutes a second scene
 To publish what the first should mean ?
 Besides, it saucily reflects
 Upon the reader's intellects,
 When, armed in metaphors and dashes,
 The bard some noble villain lashes,
 'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
 To think he cannot find it out.
 The sing-song trifles of the stage,
 The happy favourites of the age,
 Without a meaning crawl along,
 And, for a moral, gives a song.
 The tragic muse, once pure and chaste,
 Is turned a whore, debauched by taste :

10

20

Poor Juliet never claims the tear
Till borne triumphant on the bier ;
And Ammon's son is never great
Till seated in his chair of state.
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains. 30
If what the muse prepares to write
To entertain the public sight
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.
When villany and vices shine,
You won't find Sandwich in the line ;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name ;
Nor will the muse digressive run
To call the king his mother's son, 40
But, plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay :
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care ;
His dogs were watchful, and he took
Upon himself the ruling crook. 50
His boys who wattled-in the fold
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip-bed ;

And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employed his wool to keep it warm.
But that, comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly make a villain great. 60
The shepherd died—the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul :
The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping laureate's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men ;
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme
In all varieties of chime,
Administering due consolation,
Well seasoned with congratulation. 70
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote?
All sung, though very few could read,
And none but mercers mourned indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoiced, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address ;
And Edinburgh was heard to sing,
' Now heaven be praised for such a king !' 80
All joined in joy and expectation,
And ' Union !' echoed through the nation.
A council called ——— * * *

JOURNAL SIXTH

'Tis mystery all, in every sect
You find this palpable defect,
The axis of the dark machine
Is enigmatic and unseen.
Opinion is the only guide
By which our senses are supplied ;
Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
Can make our reason side with him.
But this discourse perhaps will be
As little liked by you as me ; 10
I'll change the subject for a better,
And leave the doctor, and his letter.
A priest, whose sanctimonious face
Became a sermon, or a grace,
Could take an orthodox repast,
And left the knighted loin the last ;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a cat,
His organs being choked with fat ; 20
In college quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy dean,
(Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
For one church-dinner, nothing more ;
The dean who, sleeping on the book,
Dreams he is swearing at his cook)
This animated hill of oil
Was to another dean the foil.
They seemed two beasts of different kind,
Contra in politics and mind ; 30

The only sympathy they knew,
 They both loved turtle *à la* stew.
 The dean was empty, thin and long,
 As Fowler's back or head or song.
 He met the rector in the street,
 Sinking a canal with his feet.
 'Sir', quoth the dean, with solemn nod,
 'You are a minister of God ;
 And, as I apprehend, should be
 About such holy works as me. 40
 But, cry your mercy, at a feast
 You only shew yourself a priest.
 No sermon politic you preach,
 No doctrine damnable you teach.
 Did not we few maintain the fight,
 Mystery might sink, and all be light.
 From house to house your appetite
 In daily sojourn paints ye right.
 Nor lies, true-orthodox, you carry,
 You hardly ever hang or marry. 50
 Good Mr Rector, let me tell ye
 You've too much tallow in this belly.
 Fast, and repent of every sin,
 And grow like me, upright and thin ;
 Be active, and assist your mother,
 And then I'll own ye for a brother '.

'Sir', quoth the rector in a huff,
 'True, you're diminutive enough,
 And let me tell ye, Mr Dean,
 You are as worthless too as lean ; 60
 This mountain, strutting to my face,
 Is an undoubted sign of grace.
 Grace, though you ne'er on turtle sup,
 Will like a bladder blow you up,

A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace'.

'You're wrong', the bursting dean replied,
'Your logic's on the rough-cast side,
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls. 70
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shews very little's kept within ;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess the importance of the charge'.

'Sir', quoth the rector, 'I've a story
Quite apropos to lay before ye.
A sage philosopher, to try
What pupil saw with reason's eye,
Prepared three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one. 80
The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,
Loved pelf above the charming fair ;
So 'tis not difficult to say,
Which box the dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desired the pebbled one, d'ye see.
The other having scratched his head,
Considered, though the third was lead,
'Twas metal still surpassing stone,
So claimed the leaden box his own. 90
Now to uncloseth they all prepare,
And hope alternate laughs at fear.
The golden case does ashes hold,
The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
But in the outcast stone they see
A jewel, such pray fancy me'.

'Sir', quoth the dean, 'I truly say
 You tell a tale a pretty way ;
 But the conclusion to allow—
 'Fore Gad, I scarcely can tell how. 100
 A jewel ! Fancy must be strong
 To think you keep your water long.
 I preach, thank gracious heaven ! as clear
 As any pulpit-stander here,
 But may the devil claw my face
 If e'er I prayed for puffing grace,
 To be a mountain, and to carry
 Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry !
 Each day to sweat three gallons full
 And span a furlong on my skull. 110
 Lost to the melting joys of love—
 Not to be borne—like justice move'.

And here the dean was running on,
 Through half a couplet having gone :
 Quoth rector peevish, 'I shan't stay
 To throw my precious time away.
 The generous Burgum having sent
 A ticket as a compliment,
 I think myself in duty bound
 Six pounds of turtle to confound'. 120

'That man you mention', answers Dean,
 'Creates in priests of sense the spleen,
 His soul's as open as his hand,
 Virtue distressed may both command ;
 That ragged virtue is a whore,
 I always beat her from my door.
 But Burgum gives, and giving shews
 His honour leads him by the nose.
 Ah ! how unlike the church divine,
 Whose feeble lights on mountains shine, 130

And being placed so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.
His luminaries shine around
Like stars in the Cimmerian ground’.

‘Invidious slanderer!’ quoth priest,
‘O may I never scent a feast,
If thy cursed conscience is as pure
As underlings in Whitefield’s cure!
The church, as thy display has shewn,
Is turned a bawd to lustful town; 140
But what against the Church you’ve said,
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum’s virtue then a fault?
Venison and heaven forbid the thought!
He gives, and never eyes return,
O may paste altars to him burn!
But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the dinner waits—adieu’.

This said, the rector trudged along,
As heavy as Fowlerian song. 150
The hollow dean, with fairy feet,
Stepped lightly through the dirty street.
At last, arrived at destined place,
The bulky doctor squeaks the grace:
‘Lord bless the many-flavoured meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat!
May all and every mother’s son
Be drunk before the dinner’s done.
When we give thanks for dining well, oh!
May each grunt out in Ritornello’ 160
‘Amen!’ resounds to distant tide,
And weapons clang on every side,
The oily rivers burn around,
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.

Now is the busy president
 In his own fated element,
 In every look and action great,
 His presence doubly fills the plate ;
 Nobly invited to the feast,
 They all contribute gold at least. 170
 The duke and president collected,
 Alike beloved, alike respected.

SAY, Baker, if experience hoar
 Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
 What is this phantom of the mind,
 This love, when sifted and refined ?
 When the poor lover, fancy-frighted,
 Is with shadowy joys delighted ;
 A frown shall throw him in despair,
 A smile shall brighten up his air. 180
 Jealous without a seeming cause,
 From flattering smiles he misery draws ;
 Again, without his reason's aid,
 His bosom's still, the devil's laid.
 If this is love, my callous heart
 Has never felt the rankling dart.
 Oft have I seen the wounded swain
 Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
 Full of his flame, upon his tongue
 The quivering declaration hung, 190
 When lost to courage, sense, and reason,
 He talked of weather and the season.
 Such tremors never cowered me,
 I'm flattering, impudent, and free,
 Unmoved by frowns and lowering eyes,
 'Tis smiles I only ask and prize ;

And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway-road to heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind. 200
They laugh at silly silent swains
Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an effrontery and tongue
On very oily hinges hung
Must win the blooming, melting fair,
And show the joys of heaven here.

A rake, I take it, is a creature
Who winds through all the folds of nature ;
Who sees the passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell ; 210
Who, when he ravishes the joy,
Defies the torments of the boy.
Who with the soul the body gains,
And shares love's pleasures, not his pains.
Who holds his charmer's reputation
Above a tavern veneration ;
And when a love-repast he makes,
Not even prying fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostitute, he
Thinks love the only price of beauty, 220
And she that can be basely sold
Is much beneath or love or gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the body is the heart :
Without it, rapture cannot rise,
Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes ;
The sacred joy of love is dead,
Witness the sleeping marriage bed.
This is the picture of a rake,
Show it the ladies—won't it take? 230

A buck's a beast of the other side,
 And real but in hoofs and hide :
 To nature and the passions dead,
 A brothel is his house and bed ;
 To fan the flame of warm desire,
 And after wanton in the fire,
 He thinks a labour ; and his parts
 Were not designed to conquer hearts.
 Serene with bottle, pox and whore,
 He's happy and requires no more. 240
 The girls of virtue when he views,
 Dead to all converse but the stews,
 Silent as death, he's nought to say,
 But sheepish steals himself away.
 This is a buck to life displayed,
 A character to charm each maid.
 Now, prithee, friend, a choice to make,
 Wouldst choose the buck before the rake ?
 The buck, as brutal as the name,
 Invenoms every charmer's fame, 250
 And though he never touched her hand,
 Protests he had her at command.
 The rake, in gratitude for pleasure,
 Keeps reputation dear as treasure.
 * * *

But hudibrastics may be found
 To tire ye with repeated sound ;
 So, changing for a Shandeyan style,
 I ask your favour and your smile.

ODE

Recitative

In his wooden palace jumping,
 Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping, 260

'Repent, repent, repent',
 The mighty Whitefield cries,
 Oblique lightning in his eyes,
 'Or die and be damned !' All around
 The long-eared rabble grunt in dismal sound.
 'Repent, repent, repent',
 Each concave mouth replies.
 The comet of gospel, the lanthorn of light,
 Is rising and shining like candles at night.
 He shakes his ears, 270
 He jumps, he stares ;
 Hark, he's whining !
 The short-hand saints prepare to write,
 And high they mount their ears.

Air

'Now the devil take ye all,
 Saints or no saints, all in a lump ;
 Here must I labour and bawl,
 And thump, and thump, and thump ;
 And never a souse to be got.
 Unless—I swear by jingo, 280
 A greater profit's made,
 I'll forswear my trade,
 My gown and market-lingo,
 And leave ye all to pot'.

Recitative

Now he raves like brindled cat,
 Now 'tis thunder,
 Rowling,
 Growling,
 Rumbling,
 Grumbling, 290

Noise and nonsense, jest and blunder.
 Now he chats of this and that,
 No more the soul-jobber,
 No more the sly robber,
 He's now an old woman who talks to her cat.
 Again he starts, he beats his breast,
 He rolls his eyes, erects his crest ;
 Hark ! hark ! the sound begins,
 'Tis a bargain and sale for remission of sins.

Air

' Say, beloved congregation, 300
 In the hour of tribulation,
 Did the power of man affray me ?
 Say, ye wives, and say, ye daughters,
 Ha'n't I staunched your running waters,
 I have laboured, pay me, pay me !

I have given absolution,
 Don't withhold your contribution ;
 Men and angels should obey me—
 Give but freely, you've remission
 For all sins without condition ; ' 310
 You're my debtors, pay me, pay me !'

Recitative

Again he's lost, again he chatters
 Of lace and bobbin and such matters.
 A thickening vapour swells—
 Of Adam's fall he tells ;
 Dark as twice ten thousand hells
 Is the gibberish which he spatters.
 Now a most dismal elegy he sings,
 Groans, doleful groans are heard about ;
 The Issacharian rout 320
 Swell the sharp howl, and loud the sorrow rings.

He sung a modern buck, whose end
 Was blinded prejudice and zeal ;
 In life, to every vice a friend,
 Unfixed as fortune on her wheel.
 He lived a buck, he died a fool,
 So let him to oblivion fall,
 Who thought a wretched body all,
 Untaught in nature's or the 'passions'
 school.
 Now he takes another theme, 330
 Thus he tells his waking dream.

Air

' After fasting and praying and grunting and weeping,
 My guardian angel beheld me fast sleeping ;
 And instantly capering into my brain,
 Relieved me from prison of bodily chain.
 The soul can be everything, as you all know,
 And mine was transformed to the shape of a crow'.
 (The preacher or metre has surely mistook,
 For all must confess that a parson's a rook).

' Having wings, as I think I informed ye before, 340
 I shot through a cavern and knocked at hell's door.

Out comes Mr Porter Devil,
 And, I'll assure ye, very civil.
 " Dear sir ", quoth he, " pray step within,
 The company is drinking tea ;
 We have a stranger just come in,
 A brother from the triple tree ",

' Well, in I walked, and what d'ye think ?
 Instead of sulphur, fire, and stink,
 'Twas like a masquerade, 350
 All grandeur, all parade.

Here stood an amphitheatre,
 There stood the small Haymarket-house,

With devil-actors, very clever,
 Who without blacking did Othello.
 And truly, a huge horned fellow
 Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
 To learn a part, and get a souse ;
 For pleasure was the business there.
 A lawyer asked me for a fee,
 To plead my right to drinking tea :
 I begged his pardon ; to my thinking,
 I'd rather have a cheering cup,
 For tea was but insipid drinking,
 And brandy raised the spirits up.
 So having seen each place in hell,
 I straight awoke, and found all well'.

360

Recitative

Now again his cornet's sounding,
 Sense and harmony confounding ;
 Reason tortured, scripture twisted
 Into every form of fancy ;
 Forms which never yet existed,
 And but his oblique optics can see.
 He swears,
 He tears,

370

With sputtered nonsense now he breaks the ears ;
 At last the sermon and the paper ends ;
 He whines, and hopes his well-beloved friends
 Will contribute their sous
 To pay the arrears for building a house ;
 With spiritual doctors, and doctors for poxes,
 Who all must be satisfied out of the boxes.

380

Hark ! hark !—his cry resounds,
 ' Fire and thunder, blood and wounds,
 Contribute, contribute,
 And pay me my tribute,

Or the devil, I swear,
 Shall hunt ye as sportsmen would hunt a poor hare.
 Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends'.
 The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends; 390
 And here the tedious lengthening Journal ends.

Ended Sat. evening, 30th Sept. 1769

KEW GARDENS

HAIL KEW ! thou darling of the tuneful nine,
 Thou eating-house of verse, where poets dine ;
 The temple of the idol of the great,
 Sacred to council-mysteries of state ;
 Sir Gilbert oft, in dangerous trials known,
 To make the shame and felony his own,
 Burns incense on thy altars, and presents
 The grateful sound of clamorous discontents :
 In the bold favour of thy goddess vain,
 He brandishes his sword and shakes his chain. 10
 He knows her secret workings and desires,
 Her hidden attributes and vestal fires ;
 Like an old oak has seen her god-head fall
 Beneath the wild descendant of Fingal,
 And happy in the view of promised store
 Forgot his dignity and held the door.
 * * * * happy genius, comes along,
 Humming the music of a Highland song :
 Rough and unpolished in the tricks of state,
 He plots by instinct, is by nature great. 20
 Who, not a mantled herald, can dispute
 The native grandeur of the house of Bute ?
 Who, not a Caledonian, can deny
 By instinct all its noble branches lie ?

'Tis an entailed estate upon the name,
 To plunder, plot, and pillage into fame ;
 To live in splendour, infamy, and pride,
 The guiders of the tools who seem to guide
 Or starve on honesty, in state their own,
 And marshal sheep unnoticed and unknown. 30
 * * * * versed in juntos and intrigues,
 The fool and statesmen in close union leagues ;
 Sits at the council's head ; esteemed at most
 An useful kind of circulating post,
 Through whose short stage each future measure's
 laid,
 And all the orders of the thane conveyed.
 He gives the written text by fortune wrote,
 Sir Gilbert adds his necessary note.
 Dyson, a plodding animal of state,
 Who's classically little, to be great ; 40
 An instrument, made use of to record
 The future witty speeches of his lord :
 To write epistles to his powerful dame,
 And in the dark supply his loss of flame ;
 To sell preferment ; grovel in the dust,
 The slave of interest and the slave of lust ;
 To lick his lordship's shoes, and find a flaw
 In every statute that opposed his law ;
 To carry orders to the guiding tool,
 To flatter * * * * with the hopes of rule ; 50
 To send congratulations to the man,
 Who stands so well affected to the clan—
 (To [Barrington] whose conscientious mind
 Does universal service to mankind,
 When, red with justice and the royal cause,
 His bloody musket shook with court-applause :
 When monarchs, representatives of God,
 Honoured the rascal with a gracious nod,

Three ghosts in George's sanguine field were seen,
 And two struck horror into Bethnal Green ; 60
 Soft pity's voice, unnoticed by the crown,
 Stole in a murmur through the weeping town ;
 And freedom, wandering restless and alone,
 Saw no redress expected from the throne,
 Then bade remonstrance wear a bolder dress,
 And loudly supplicate, and force success :
 * * * * heard, and, resting on his mace,
 'The usual fees, my lord, and state the case'.
 'Three thousand, and reversion to your son':
 'The seals, my lord, are mine, the matter's
 done'. 70

'This house of foolish cits, and drunken boys,
 Offends my ears, like Broderip's horrid noise :
 'Tis a flat riot by the statute made,
 Destructive to our happiness and trade'.
 'Thy action, * * * * is just in law,
 In the defence of ministry I'll draw ;
 Nor doubt I when in solemn pomp arrayed,
 To act as bravely, be as richly paid'.
 So * * * * spoke, and in his usual way
 When giving out his syllables for pay, 80
 With happy fluency he scattered round
 His nicely culled varieties of sound,
 Unmeaning, unconnected, false, unfair :
 All he can boast is modulated air)—
 To bribe the common council to protest ;
 To learn a witless alderman to jest ;
 The father of the city to deprave,
 And add the hummed apostate to the knave,
 Who wisely disinherits his first-born,
 And doats upon the blossom of his horn ; 90
 To fill up places by preferment void,
 Is Dyson by the quadruples employed ;

He bears the message of the gartered fate,
 The running footmen to the favoured great :
 When spent with labour, overgrown with spoil,
 Some barony or earldom pays his toil.

Whilst two chief actors wisely keep away,
 And two before the mystic curtain play ;
 The goddess, mourning for her absent god,
 Approves the flying measures with a nod. 100
 Her approbation, with her power combined,
 Exalts her tools above the common kind.
 She turns the movements of the dark machine,
 Nor is her management of state unseen ;
 Regardless of the world, she still turns round,
 And tumbles * * * * to his native ground.
 Great in possession of a mystic ring,
 She leads the Lords and Commons in a string.
 Where is the modest muse of Jones retired,
 So bashful, so impatiently admired ? 110
 Ah ! is that noble emulation dead,
 Which bade the laurels blossom on his head,
 When Kew's enchanting heap of stones was sung
 In strains superior to a mortal tongue,
 And kitchen-gardens most luxurious glowed
 With flowers which ne'er in Mayor's window blowed ;
 Where cabbages, exotic'ly divine,
 Were tagged in feet, and measured with a line ?
 Ah ! what invention graced the happy strain ;
 Well might the laureate bard of Kew be vain ! 120
 Thy Clifton too ! how justly is the theme
 As much the poet's as his jingling dream.
 Who but a muse inventive, great, like thine,
 Could honour Bristol with a nervous line ?
 What generous, honest genius would have sold
 To knaves and catamites his praise for gold ?

To leave alone the notions which disgrace
This hawking, peddling, catamitish place,
Did not thy iron conscience blush to write
This Tophet of the gentle arts polite? 130
Lost to all learning, elegance, and sense,
Long had the famous city told her pence ;
Avarice sat brooding in her white-washed cell,
And pleasure had a hut at Jacob's Well.
Poor Hickey, ruined by his fine survey,
Perpetuates Elton in the saving lay.
A mean assembly-room, absurdly built,
Boasted one gorgeous lamp of copper gilt ;
With farthing candles, chandeliers of tin,
And services of water, rum, and gin. 140
There, in the dull solemnity of wigs,
The dancing bears of commerce murder jigs.
Here dance the dowdy belles of crooked trunk,
And often, very often, reel home drunk ;
Here dance the bucks with infinite delight,
And club to pay the fiddlers for the night,
While Broderip's hum-drum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.
What charms has music, when great Broderip sweats
To torture sound to what his brother sets ! 150
With scraps of ballad tunes, and *gude Scotch sangs*,
Which god-like Ramsay to his bagpipe twangs,
With tattered fragments of forgotten plays,
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays,
This pipe of science, mighty Broderip, comes,
And a strange, unconnected jumble thrums.
Roused to devotion in a sprightly air,
Danced into piety, and jigged to prayer ;
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heavenly music of domestic spheres ; 160

The flying band in swift transition hops
Through all the tortured, vile burlesque of stops.
Sacred to sleep, in superstitious key
Dull, doleful diapasons die away ;
Sleep spreads his silken wings, and, lulled by sound,
The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round ;
Whilst Broderip at his passive organ groans
Through all his slow variety of tones.
How unlike Allen ! Allen is divine !
His touch is sentimental, tender, fine ; 170
No little affectations e'er disgraced
His more refined, his sentimental taste :
He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

The groves of Kew, however misapplied
To serve the purposes of lust and pride,
Were, by the greater monarch's care, designed
A place of conversation for the mind ;
Where solitude and silence should remain,
And conscience keep her sessions and arraign. 180
But ah ! how fallen from that better state !
'Tis now a heathen temple of the great,
Where sits the female pilot of the helm,
Who shakes oppression's fetters through the realm.
Her name is Tyranny, and in a string
She leads the shadow of an infant king ;
Dispenses favours with a royal hand,
And marks, like destiny, what lord shall stand ;
Her four-fold representative displays
How future statesmen may their fortune raise ; 190
While thronging multitudes their offerings bring,
And bards, like Jones, their panegyrics sing.
The loyal aldermen, a troop alone,
Protest their infamy, to serve the throne ;

The merchant-tailor minister declares
 He'll mutilate objections with his shears.
 Sir Robert, in his own importance big,
 Settles his potent, magisterial wig ;
 Having another legacy in view,
 Accepts the measure and improves it too. 200
 Before the altar all the suppliants bow,
 And would repeat a speech if they knew how ;
 A gracious nod the speaking image gave,
 And scattered honours upon every knave.
 The loyal sons of Caledonia came,
 And paid their secret homage to the dame ;
 Then swore, by all their hopes of future reign,
 Each measure of the junto to maintain,
 The orders of the ministry to take,
 And honour * * * for his father's sake. 210
 Well pleased, the goddess dignified his grace,
 And scattered round the benefits of place ;
 With other pensions blessed his lordship's post,
 And smiled on murdered * * * * injured ghost.
 Through all the happy lovers' numerous clan
 The inexhausted tides of favour ran :
 * * *, * * *, happy in a name,
 Emerged from poverty to wealth and fame ;
 And English taxes paid (and scarcely too)
 The noble generosity of Kew. 220
 Kew ! happy subject for a lengthened lay,
 Though thousands write, there's something still to say ;
 Thy garden's elegance, thy owner's state,
 The highest in the present list of fate,
 Are subjects where the muse may wildly range,
 Unsatiated, in variety of change ;
 But hold, my dedication is forgot :
 Now—shall I praise some late-ennobled Scot
 Exalt the motto of a Highland lord,

And prove him great, like Guthrie, by record? 230
 (Though were the truth to all the nobles known,
 The vouchers he refers to are his own.)
 Shall I trace * * * 's powerful pedigree,
 Or show him an attorney's clerk, like me?
 Or shall I rather give to * * * * its due,
 And to a Burgum recommend my Kew?
 Why sneers the sapient Broughton at the man?
 Broughton can't boast the merit Burgum can.
 How lofty must imagination soar,
 To reach absurdities unknown before! 240
 Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
 From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.

Burgum wants learning—see the lettered throng
 Banter his English in a Latin song.
 If in his jests a discord should appear,
 A dull lampoon is innocently dear.
 Ye sage, Broughtonian, self-sufficient fools,
 Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
 Burgum has parts, parts which will set aside
 The laboured acquisitions of your pride; 250
 Uncultivated now his genius lies,
 Instruction sees his latent talents rise;
 His gold is bullion, yours debased with brass,
 Impressed with folly's head to make it pass.
 But Burgum swears so loud, so indiscreet,
 His thunders echo through the listening street;
 Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
 Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
 Observe his actions—calumny must own
 A noble soul is in these actions shown: 260
 Though dark this bright original you paint,
 I'd rather be a Burgum than a saint.

Hail, inspiration! whose Cimmerian night
 Gleams into day with every flying light:

If Moses caught thee at the parted flood ;
If David found thee in a sea of blood ;
If Mahomet with slaughter drenched thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off the spoil ;
If thou hast favoured Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too ? 270
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Hail, inspiration ! whose auspicious ray
Immortalised great Armstrong in a day :
Armstrong, whose Caledonian genius flies
Above the reach of humble judgment's ties ;
Whose lines prosaic regularly creep,
Sacred to dulness and congenial sleep.
Hail, inspiration ! whose mysterious wings
Are strangers to what rigid [Johnson] sings : 280
By him thy airy voyages are curbed,
Nor moping wisdom's by thy flight disturbed ;
To ancient lore and musty precepts bound,
Thou art forbid the range of fairy ground.

Irene creeps so classical and dry,
None but a Greek philosopher can cry ;
Through five long acts unlettered heroes sleep,
And critics by the square of learning weep.
Hark ! what's the horrid bellowing from the stage ?
Oh ! 'tis the ancient chorus of the age ; 290
Grown wise, the judgment of the town refines,
And in a philosophic habit shines ;
Models each pleasure in scholastic taste,
And heavenly Greece is copied and disgraced.
The *False Alarm*, in style and subject great,
The mighty Atlas of a falling state,
Which makes us happy, insolent, and free,
O god-like inspiration ! came from thee.

* * * * whose brazen countenance, like mine,
 Scorns in the polish of a blush to shine, 300
 Scrupled to vindicate his fallen grace,
 Or hint he acted right—till out of place.
 Why will the lovers of the truth deplore
 That miracles and wonders are no more?
 Why will the deists, impudently free,
 Assert what cannot now, could never be?
 Why will religion suffer the reproach,
 Since * * * * dresses well and keeps a coach?
 Bristol and * * * * have bestowed their pence,
 And * * * after * * * echoed sense. 310
 Since * * * * once by providence, or chance,
 Tumbled his lengthening quavers in a dance :
 Since Catcott seemed to reason, and display
 The meaning of the words he meant to say :
 Since Warburton, his native pride forgot,
 Bowed to the garment of the ruling Scot ;
 And offered * * * * ghost (a welcome gift)
 And hoped, in gratitude, to have a lift ;
 An universal primacy, at least,
 A fit reward for such a stirring priest : 320
 Since Horne imprudently displayed his zeal,
 And made his foe the powerful reasons feel :
 Since * * * has meaning in his last discourse :
 Since * * * * borrowed honesty by force,
 And trembled at the measures of the friend
 His infant conscience shuddered to defend :
 Since * * * in his race of vice outrun,
 Scrupled to do what * * * * since hath done.
 Hail, inspiration ! Catcott learns to preach,
 And classic Lee attempts by thee to teach ; 330
 By inspiration North directs his tools,
 And [Bute] above by inspiration rules,

Distils the thistle of the gartered crew,
 And drains the sacred reservoirs of Kew.
 Inspired with hopes of rising in the kirk,
 Here * * * * whines his Sunday's journey-work ;
 Soft * * * * undeniably a saint,
 Whimpers in accent so extremely faint,
 You see the substance of his empty prayer,
 His nothing to the purpose in his air ; 340
 His sermons have no arguments, 'tis true,
 Would you have sense and pretty figures too ?
 With what a swimming elegance and ease
 He scatters out distorted similes !
 It matters not how wretchedly applied,
 Saints are permitted to set sense aside.
 This oratorical novelty in town
 Dies into fame, and ogles to renown ;
 The dowdy damsels of his chosen tribe
 Are fee'd to heaven, his person is the bribe ; 350
 All who can superficial talk admire,
 His vanity, not beauty, sets on fire :
 Enough of * * * * let him ogle still,
 Convince with nonsense, and with foppery kill,
 Pray for the secret measures of the great,
 And hope the Lord will regulate the state :
 Florid as Klopstock, and as quick as me
 At double epithet or simile ;
 His despicable talents cannot harm
 Those who defy a Johnson's *False Alarm*. 360
 Hail, inspiration ! piously I kneel,
 And call upon thy sacred name with zeal ;
 Come, spread thy sooty pinions o'er my pen,
 Teach me the secrets of the lords of men ;
 In visionary prospects let me see
 How [Bute] employs his sense, derived from thee ;
 Display the mystic sibyl of the isle,
 And dress her wrinkled features in a smile ;

Of past and secret measures let me tell,
How [Grafton] pilfered power, and Chatham fell: 370
Chatham, whose patriotic actions wear
One single brand of infamy—the peer ;
Whose popularity again thinks fit
To loose the coronet, revive the Pitt ;
And in the upper house (where leading peers
Practise a minuet step, or scratch their ears)
He warmly undertakes to plead the cause
Of injured liberty, and broken laws.
Hail, inspiration ! from whose fountain flow
The strains which circulate through all the Row, 380
With humblest reverence thy aid I ask,
For this laborious and herculean task.
How difficult to make a piece go down
With booksellers, reviewers, and the town ;
None with a Christian, charitable love,
A kind and fixed intention to approve,
The wild excursions of the muse will read.
Alas ! I was not born beyond the Tweed !
To public favour I have no pretence,
If public favour is the child of sense : 390
To paraphrase on Home in Armstrong's rhymes,
To decorate Fingal in sounding chimes,
The self-sufficient muse was never known,
But shines in trifling dulness all her own.
Where, rich with painted bricks and lifeless white,
Four dirty alleys in a cross unite,
Where avaricious sons of commerce meet
To do their public business in the street ;
There stands a dome to dulness ever dear,
Where * * * * models justice by the square ; 400
Where bulky aldermen display their sense,
And Bristol patriots wager out their pence :
Here, in the malice of my stars confined,
I call the muses to divert my mind ;

Come, inspiration ! mysticly instil
 The spirit of a [Junius] in my quill,
 An equal terror to the small and great,
 To lash an alderman or knave of state.

Here * * * thundering through the spacious court,
 Grounds equity on Jeffries's report ; 410
 And oft, explaining to the lords of trade,
 Proves himself right by statutes never made ;
 In * * * * able politicians see
 Another * * * * in epitome.
 If good Sir * * * * did not bawl so loud,
 What has he else superior to the crowd ?
 His peruke boasts solemnity of law :
 E'en there might counsellors detect a flaw.
 But Providence is just, as doctors tell,
 That triple mystery's a good sentinel ; 420
 Was * * * * not so noisy, and more wise,
 The body corporate would close its eyes.
 Useless the satire, stoically wise,
 Bristol can literary rubs despise ;
 You'll wonder whence the wisdom may proceed,
 'Tis doubtful if her aldermen can read ;
 This as a certainty the muse may tell,
 None of her common-councilmen can spell :
 Why, busy * * * * wilt thou trouble * * *
 Their worships hear, and understand like thee. 430

Few beings absolutely boast the man,
 Few have the understanding of a Spanne ;
 Every idea of a city mind
 Is to commercial incidents confined :
 True ! some exceptions to this general rule
 Can show the merchant blended with the fool.
 * * * * with magisterial air commits ;
 * * * * presides the chief of city wits ;

In jigs and country-dances * * * * shines,
 And * * * * slumbers over Mallet's lines : 440
 His ample visage, oft on nothing bent,
 Sleeps in vacuity of sentiment.

When in the venerable gothic hall,
 Where fetters rattle, evidences bawl,
 Puzzled in thought by equity or law,
 Into their inner room his senses draw ;
 There, as they snore in consultation deep,
 The foolish vulgar deem him fast asleep.

If silent * * * * senatorial pride
 Rose into being as his avarice died, 450
 Scattering his hundreds, rattling in his coach,
 What mortal wonders at the fair * * * *
 Though royal horners burn in powdered flames,
 When fell the pretty nymph of many names ?
 Still we behold her fiery virtue stand,
 As firm as * * * * regulating band.
 * * * * within whose sacerdotal face,
 Add all the honorary signs of grace ;
 Great in his accent, greater in his size,
 But mightier still in turtle and mince-pies : 460
 Whose entertaining flows of eloquence,
 In spite of affectation, will be sense.
 Why, patriotic [Johnson], art thou still ?
 What pensioned lethargy has seized thy quill ?
 Hast thou forgot the murmurs of applause
 Which buzzed about the leader of the cause ;
 When, dressed in metaphors, the fluent [Creech]
 Rose from his chair, and slumbering drawled his
 speech ?

When * * * * fired with loyalty and place,
 Forsook his breeding to defend his grace ! 470
 And saving * * * * from a furious blow,
 n sisted on his plan, a double row ?

Rise * * * * bid remonstrance tell the throne,
 When freedom suffers, London's not alone :
 Take off the load of infamy and shame
 Which lies on Bristol's despicable name ;
 Revive thy ardour for thy country's cause,
 And live again in honour and applause.
 Alas ! the patriot listens to his whore,
 And popularity is heard no more ; 480
 The dying voice of liberty's forgot,
 No more he drinks damnation to the Scot.
 * * * * no longer in his quarrel fights ;
 No further dulness witty * * * * writes :
 In organs and an organist renowned,
 He rises into notice by a sound,
 Commemorates his spirit in a tone,
 By * * * * created, rival of a groan :
 O be his taste immortal as the lays !
 For * * * invents and tuneful [Broderip] plays ; 490
 And this harmonious jangling of the spheres,
 To give the whole connection, Bristol hears.

Hail, Kew ! thy more important powers I sing,
 Powers which direct the conscience of a king ;
 The English number daringly would soar
 To thy first power, [the Babylonish whore.]
 Come, Newton, and assist me to explain
 The hidden meanings of the present reign.
 Newton, accept the tribute of a line
 From one whose humble genius honours thine ; 500
 Mysterious shall the mazy numbers seem,
 To give thee matter for a future dream ;
 Thy happy talent, meanings to untie,
 My vacancy of meaning may supply ;
 And where the muse is witty in a dash,
 Thy explanations may enforce the lash.

How shall the line, grown servile in respect
 To North or Sandwich infamy direct?
 Unless a wise ellipsis intervene,
 How shall I satirise the sleepy dean? 510
 Perhaps the muse might fortunately strike
 A highly finished picture, very like;
 But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
 None could be certain worthy Barton sat.
 Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
 Where revelation's farthing candle shines;
 In search of hidden truths let others go—
 Be thou the fiddler to my puppet-show:
 What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
 Which from diseased imaginations rise? 520
 What if our politicians should succeed
 In fixing up the ministerial creed,
 Who could such golden arguments refuse,
 Which melts and proselytes the hardened Jews?
 When universal reformation bribes
 With words and wealthy metaphors, the tribes.
 To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
 Whilst none but trembling superstition hears.
 When ministers, with sacerdotal hands,
 Baptize the flock in streams of golden sands, 530
 Through every town conversion wings her way,
 And conscience is a prostitute for pay.

Faith removes mountains; like a modern dean.
 Faith can see virtues which were never seen:
 Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
 To prove their instrument's superior vote;
 Whilst Luttrell, happy in his lordship's voice,
 Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
 This mountain of objections to remove,
 This knotty, rotten argument to prove, 540

Faith insufficient, Newton caught the pen,
And proved by demonstration, one was ten :
What boots it if he reasoned right or no ?
'Twas orthodox—the thane would have it so.
Whoe'er shall doubts and false conclusions draw
Against the inquisition of the law,
With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And Mansfield's conscience settle right his creed.
'Is Mansfield's conscience then', will freedom cry,
'A standard-block to dress our notions by?' 550
Why, what a blunder has the fool let fall !
That Mansfield has no conscience, none at all !'
Pardon me, freedom, this and something more
The knowing writer might have known before ;
But, bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compelled in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What generous passion can my dross refine ?
What besides interest can direct the line ?
And should a galling truth, like this, be told
By me, instructed here to slave for gold, 560
My prudent neighbours (who can read) would see
Another Savage to be starved in me.
Faith is a powerful virtue everywhere ;
By this once Bristol dressed, for Cato, Clare ;
But now the blockheads grumble, Nugent's made
Lord of this idol, being lord of trade.
They bawled for Clare, when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise :
This state-credulity, a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools ; 570
Murphy, a bishop of the chosen sect,
A ruling pastor of the Lord's elect,
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his daily statute-law.

Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
 He borrows persecution's scourge of Bute,
 An excommunication-satire writes,
 And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
 This faith, the subject of a late divine,
 Is not as unsubstantial as his line ; 580
 Though, blind and dubious to behold the right,
 Its optics mourn a fixed Egyptian night,
 Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
 She knew fresh muster would begin the year ;
 She knows that North, by Bute and conscience led,
 Will hold his honours till his favour's dead,
 She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,
 Must practise at the target of the state :
 If then his erring pistol should not kill,
 Why Martin must remain a traitor still. 590
 His gracious mistress, generous to the brave,
 Will not neglect the necessary knave ;
 Since pious Chudleigh is become his grace,
 Martin turns pimp, to occupy her place.
 Say, Rigby, in the honours of the door,
 How properly a rogue succeeds a whore !
 She knows (the subject almost slipt my quill
 Lost in that pistol of a woman's will)—
 She knows that Bute will exercise his rod,
 The worthiest of the worthy sons of God. 600

' Ah ! ' (exclaims Catcott) ' this is saying much ;
 The Scripture tells us peace-makers are such ' .
 Who can dispute this title ? Who deny
 What taxes and oppressions testify ?
 Who of the thane's beatitude can doubt ?
 Oh ! was but North as sure of being out !
 And (as I end whatever I begin)
 Was Chatham but as sure of being in !

Bute, foster-child of fate, dear to a dame
Whom satire freely would, but dare not, name— 610
(Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What treason would you from the sentence draw?
Tremble, and stand attentive as a dean,
Know, Royal Favour is the dame I mean.
To sport with royalty my muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shibbeare in glorious triumph stood
Upon a rostrum of distinguished wood,
Who then withheld his guinea or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays? 620
But now Modestus, truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again?)—
Bute, lifted into notice by the eyes
Of one whose optics always setting rise—
Forgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive
A flighty youth, as yet unlearnt to live;
When I have conned each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool; 630
Burgum and I, in ancient lore untaught,
Are always with our natures in a fault;
Though Camplin would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals will not err by art.
Having in various starts from order strayed,
We'll call imagination to our aid—
See Bute astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenished with an opened bag,
Whence fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places, and the last excise! 640
Upon the ground, in seemly order laid,
The Stuarts stretch the majesty of plaid;

Rich with poor dependence bow the head,
And saw their hopes arising from the dead.
His countrymen were mustered into place,
And a Scotch piper rose above his grace.
But say, astrologers, could this be strange?
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change;
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All that has sense or meaning overcomes. 650
See now this universal favourite Scot,
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the car of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate;
If fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it, with intention to release
All conquests at the general day of peace:
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil; 660
To guide the car of war he fancied not,
Where honour and no money could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man:
Honour's the tie that bundles up the clan:
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine,
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Which polishes by wealth its native land?
And to complete the worth possessed before,
Gives every Scotchman one perfection more; 670
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And Campbell struts about in doubled lace?
Who says Bute bartered peace, and wisely sold
His king, his unioned countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs deny,
If Musgrave could not prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.

When Bute his iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty temper in his look ; 680
Not yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He thought to throw his chain upon the mind ;
Nor would he leave conjecture unconfined.
We saw his measures wrong, and yet, in spite
Of reason, we must think those measures right ;
Whilst curbed and checked by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage, 690
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees :
Trembles to think of such a daring step
As from a tool to Chancellor to leap ;
But, lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst Bute was suffered to pursue his plan,
And ruin freedom as he raised the clan ;
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturbed be satisfied ? 700
But when we saw the villany and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud ?
But yet 'twas nothing—cheating in our sight,
We should have hummed ourselves, and thought
him right !
This faith, established by the mighty thane,
Will long outlive the system of the Dane ;
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are centred in belief ;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
All our most true ideas only seem : 710
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right.

By this corrected, Bute appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which Murphy writ ;
Then let this faith support our ruined cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws :
No more complain of favourites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see
We to her Baal bow the humble knee. 720
Lost in the praises of that favourite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot :
Blessed with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warped his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honoured lawn, and proved his scripture true ;
No literary work presumed upon,
He wrote, the understrapper of St John ; 730
Unravelled every mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me ;
Pulled revelation's secret robes aside,
And saw what priestish modesty would hide.
Then seized the pen, and, with a good intent,
Discovered hidden meanings never meant.
The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has Athanasius without reverence read,
Will make a scurvy kind of lenten feast
Upon the tortured offals of The Beast : 740
But if, in happy superstition taught,
He never once presumed to doubt in thought ;
Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the literal meaning for his guide ;
Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare :
What prophecies unpropheied are there !
In explanations he's so justly skilled,
The pseudo-prophet's mysteries are fulfilled ;

No superficial reasons have disgraced
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste ; 750
No flimsy arguments he holds to view,
Like Camplin, he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tottering churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much ;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawney's instruments at court ;
For secret services without a name,
And mysteries in religion, are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues ; 760
And rambling from his grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard ;
For priests, and hireling ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate :
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash :
Not Bute so tender in his spotless fame,
Not Bute so careful of his lady's name. 770

Has sable lost its virtue? Will the bell
No longer scare a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animating flesh, are sold
For benefices, bishoprics, and gold ;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the nightmare conscience into rest,
And learned exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade ;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times ; 780
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die ;

Since, in the steps of clerical degree,
 All through the telescope of fancy see ;
 (Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
 Yet fancy in religion's all in all) :
 Amongst these cassocked worthies, is there one
 Who has the conscience to be freedom's son ?
 Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
 And tread on mitres to procure applause. 790
 Prepare thy book and sacerdotal dress
 To lay a walking spirit of the press,
 Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
 And roars in hollow voice—' A hundred more !'
 ' A hundred more !' his rising greatness cries,
 Astonishment and terror in his eyes ;
 ' A hundred more ! by God, I won't comply !'
 ' Give', quoth the voice, ' I'll raise a hue and cry ;
 On a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,
 Your interrupted measures may go on ; 800
 Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the thane,
 I'm not another Fanny of Cock Lane'.
 ' Enough', says Mungo, ' re-assume the quill ;
 And what we can afford to give, we will'.

When Bute, the ministry and people's head,
 With royal favour pensioned Johnson dead ;
 His works, in undeserved oblivion sunk,
 Were read no longer, and the man was drunk.
 Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
 Massacred Shakespeare in the doctor's name : 810
 The public saw the cheat, and wondered not—
 Death is of all mortality the lot.
 Kenrick has wrote his elegy, and penned
 A piece of decent praise for such a friend ;
 And universal cat-calls testified
 How mourned the critics when the genius died.

But now, though strange the fact to deists seem,
 His ghost is risen in a vernal theme,
 And emulation maddened all the Row
 To catch the strains which from a spectre flow, 820
 And print the reasons of a bard deceased,
 Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
 As beer, to every drinking purpose dead,
 Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
 And opened to the actions of the winds,
 In vinegar a resurrection finds ;
 His genius dead, and decently interred,
 The clamorous noise of duns sonorous heard,
 Soured into life, assumed the heavy pen,
 And saw existence for an hour again ; 830
 Scattered his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
 And proved we had no reason to complain ;
 Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
 As hair on humid carcasses will sprout.
 Horne ! set this restless shallow spirit still,
 And from his venal fingers snatch the quill.
 If, in defiance of the priestly word,
 He still will scribble floridly absurd,
 North is superior in a potent charm
 To lay the terrors of a *False Alarm* : 840
 Another hundred added to his five,
 No longer is the stumbling-block alive ;
 Fixed in his chair, contented and at home,
 The busy ' Rambler ' will no longer roam.
 Released from servitude (such 'tis to think)
 He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink :
 Once (let the lovers of *Irene* weep)
 He thought it perfect happiness to sleep.
Irene, wondrous composition, came,
 To give the audience rest, the author fame ; 850

A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And pit, box, gallery, proved it in a nap.
Hail Johnson ! chief of bards, thy rigid laws
Bestowed due praise, and critics snored applause.

If from the humblest station, in a place
By writers fixed eternal in disgrace,
Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own ;
Then only introduced, unhappy fate !
The subject of a satire's little hate ; 860
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool :
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scots on honorary ground,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men :
Health to the ruling minister I send,
Nor has that minister a better friend.
Greater, perhaps, in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his grace. 870
Ah, North ! a humble bard is better far,
Friendship was never found near Grafton's star ;
Bishops are not by office orthodox :
Who'd wear a title, when they've titled Fox ?
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare ?
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old,
In noble murders Barrington's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line. 880
Let officers of train-bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Or tragic trumpets entertain the court ;

The captain flies through every lane in town,
 And safe from danger wears his civic crown :
 Our noble secretary scorned to run,
 But with his magic word discharged the gun.
 I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
 And midnight ghosts, to howl him into rest. 890
 Health to the minister, of [Bute] the tool,
 Who with the little vulgar seems to rule.
 But since the wiser maxims of the age
 Mark for a noddy Ptolemy the sage ;
 Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
 Our blundering senses ever are in fault ;
 The wise look further, and the wise can see
 The hands of Sawney actuating thee ;
 The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
 Just as his mandates wind thee in and out. 900
 By this political machine, my rhymes
 Conceive an estimation of the times ;
 And, as the wheels of state in measures move,
 See how time passes in the world above :
 Whilst tottering on the slippery edge of doubt,
 Sir Fletcher sees his train-bands flying out :
 Thinks the minority, acquiring state,
 Will undergo a change, and soon be great.
 North issues out his hundreds to the crew,
 Who catch the atoms of the golden dew ; 910
 The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes,
 The doubtful stand resolved, and one forsakes ;
 He shackles every vote in golden chains,
 And Johnson in his list of slaves maintains.
 Rest, Johnson, hapless spirit, rest and drink,
 No more defile thy claret glass with ink :
 In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
 [Kenrick] disdains to piss upon the dead :

Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name. 920
When sovereign judgment owns thy works divine,
And every writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy Kenrick vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister ! nor will I dare
To pour out flattery in his noble ear ;
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wondering crowds and murmurs of applause. 930
Here let no disappointed rhymers say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with North a priestish jest,
By which a mere nonentity's expressed.
No, North is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As every pensioned Johnson testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues from another than from me : 940
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I
By thee or North was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister ! his vices known,
(As every lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forming follies foreign to his line ;)
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the muse the healing strain begin, 950
And stamp repentance upon every sin.
Why this recoil ?—And will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse ?
What ! is his soul so black, thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind ?

Then draw him so, and to the public tell
 Who owns this representative of hell :
 Administration lifts her iron chain,
 And truth must abdicate her lawful reign.

Oh, Prudence ! if, by friends or counsel swayed,
 I had thy saving institutes obeyed, 960
 And, lost to every love but love of self,
 A wretch like Harris, living but in pelf ;
 Then, happy in a coach or turtle-feast,
 I might have been an alderman at least.
 Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
 To curb the wild excursive flights of thought :
 Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
 Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor ;
 If Catcott's flimsy system can't be proved,
 Let it alone, for Catcott's much beloved ; 970
 If Burgum bought a Bacon for a Strange,
 The man has credit, and is great on 'change ;
 If Camplin ungrammatically spoke,
 'Tis dangerous on such men to break a joke ;
 If you from satire could withhold the line,
 At every public hall perhaps you'd dine.
 ' I must confess,' exclaims a prudent sage,
 ' You're really something clever for your age :
 Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
 A dash of satire stumbles from your pen : 980
 But ah ! that satire is a dangerous thing,
 And often wounds the writer with its sting ;
 Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
 Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
 Some of the aldermen, (for some, indeed,
 For want of education cannot read ;
 And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
 What Collins, happy genius ! 'titles verse,

So spin the strains sonorous through the nose,
 The hearer cannot call it verse or prose,) 990
 Some of the aldermen may take offence
 At your maintaining them devoid of sense ;
 And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
 Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died !
 Go to * * * * and copy worthy * * * *
 Ah ! what a sharp experienced genius that :
 Well he prepares his bottle and his jest,
 An alderman is no unwelcome guest ;
 Adulterate talents and adulterate wine
 May make another drawling rascal shine ; 1000
 His known integrity outvies a court,
 His the dull tale, original the port :
 Whilst loud he entertains the sleepy cits,
 And rates his wine according to his wits,
 Should a trite pun by happy error please,
 His worship thunders at the laughing Mease ;
 And * * * inserts this item in his bill,
 Five shillings for a jest with every gill.
 How commendable this, to turn at once
 To good account the vintner and the dunce, 1010
 And, by a very hocus-pocus hit,
 Dispose of damaged claret and bad wit,
 Search through the ragged tribe who drink small beer,
 And sweetly echo in his worship's ear,—
 ' What are the wages of the tuneful nine,
 What are their pleasures when compared to mine ?
 Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,
 Free from the servitude of rhyme or sense :
 The sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year
 With joy to Briton's king and sovereign dear, 1020
 And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
 Measures his syllables into an ode ;

Yet such the sorry merit of his muse,
He bows to deans and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked, barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty—be wise in time—
Regard the office more—Parnassus less—
Put your religion in a decent dress ;
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance. 1030
Besides, the town (a sober, honest town,
Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown)
Bids censure brand with infamy your name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too ?
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths you swear,
Oaths that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear ; 1040
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke ;
Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
(Remember pretty Fanny) is betrayed ;
Then your religion—ah, beware ! beware !
Although a deist is no monster here,
Yet hide your tenets—priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose :
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong ; 1050
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott bray, and Robins squeak in prayer :
Robins, a reverend, cully-mully puff,
Who thinks all sermons, but his own, are stuff ;
When harping on the dull, unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he's so sore perplexed,

He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
 A bordered piece of inspiration-lawn,
 Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
 Into his pineal gland the vapours glide ; 1060
 And now we hear the jingling doctor roar
 On subjects he dissected thrice before.
 Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
 Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.
 Regard thy interest, ever love thyself,
 Rise into notice as you rise in pelf ;
 The muses have no credit here, and fame
 Confines itself to the mercantile name.
 Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
 And, great in wealth, to real greatness rise. 1070
 Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
 Let only panegyric be your theme ;
 With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,
 And wreath with ivy Garden's tavern-butts ;
 Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look,
 Genius in Collins, harmony in Rooke ;
 Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres,
 And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
 Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
 Praise Broughton,—for his eloquence profound, 1080
 His generosity, his sentiment,
 His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent :
 Make North a Chatham, canonise his grace,
 And beg a pension, or procure a place'.

Damned narrow notions ! notions which disgrace
 The boasted reason of the human race :
 Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
 I scorn her prudence, and I ever will :
 Since all my vices magnified are here,
 She cannot paint me worse than I appear ; 1090

When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch my pen, and publish what I think.

[The poem was afterwards made to end as follows.]

Damned narrow notions ! tending to disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
But know, my saving friends, I never will.
The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious trade ;
When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen, and publish what I think. 1100
North is a creature, and the king's misled ;
Mansfield and Norton came as justice fled ;
Few of our ministers are over wise :—
Old Harpagon's a cheat, and Taylor lies.
When cooler judgment actuates my brain,
My cooler judgment still approves the strain ;
And if a horrid picture greets your view,
Where it continues still, if copied true.
Though in the double infamy of lawn
The future bishopric of Barton's drawn, 1110
Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage
To serve ye in this catamitish age,
To exercise a passion banished hence,
And summon satire into your defence.
Woman, of every happiness the best,
Is all my heaven,—religion is a jest.
Nor shall the muse in any future book
With awe upon the chains of favour look :
North shall in all his vices be displayed,
And Warburton in lively pride arrayed ; 1120
Sandwich shall undergo the healing lash,
And read his character without a dash ;

Mansfield, surrounded by his dogs of law,
 Shall see his picture drawn in every flaw ;
 Luttrell (if satire can descend so low)
 Shall all his native little vices show ;
 And Grafton, though prudentially resigned,
 Shall view a striking copy of his mind ;
 Whilst iron justice, lifting up her scales,
 Shall weigh the Princess Dowager of Wales. 1130

THE WHORE OF BABYLON

The lines of this poem, somewhat differently arranged, are contained in the above, and are not reprinted. The satire refers to the Princess Dowager of Wales. See also "Kew Gardens", and "Resignation".

THE PROPHECY

*' When times are at the worst they will
 certainly mend'.*

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
 ' Times at the worst will surely mend '.
 The difficulty's then, to know
 How long oppression's clock can' go ;
 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vice exalted takes the lead,
 And vengeance hangs but by a thread ;
 Gay peeresses turned out o' doors ;
 Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores ; 10
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place ;
And lords and commoners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St Stephen's pier ! 20
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G[rafton's] jetty-head ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil-power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace ;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can justice blind ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. 30

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail ;
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge, to keep her in ;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good-night. 40
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state ;

And what the people did not give
Is levied by prerogative ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ; 50
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish priest a pension draws
From starved exchequer, for the cause ;
Commissioned proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. 60

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British protestants ;
And damning William's revolution
As justices, claim execution ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes ; 70
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins* ;

Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount ; 80
Then, to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends ;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. 90

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer ;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown !
No favourites disgrace the throne !
Look up, ye Britons ! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out,
No future contract to fulfil ;
Your tenants holding at your will ; 100
Raise up your heads ! your right demand !
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the *slaves* of mammon know
Briton's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

RESIGNATION

HAIL, resignation ! hail, ambiguous dame,
Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame !
When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene.
Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,
And tells us his integrity's the cause.
Sneaking to solitude, he rails at state,
And rather would be virtuous than be great ;
Laments the impotence of those who guide,
And wishes public clamours may subside. 10
But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail, resignation ! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villanies of power and place ;
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile ;
When big with self-importance thus they shine,
Contented with their gleanings, they resign ! 20
When ministers, unable to preside,
The tottering vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful thane prepares to kick his grace
From all his glorious dignities of place ;
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign.
Lament not, Grafton, that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all ;
Still by your emptiness of look appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer ; 30

Still wear that insignificance of face,
Which dignifies you more than power or place.

Whilst now the constitution tottering stands,
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your grace stood foremost in the glorious cause
To shake the very basis of our laws ;
But, thanks to Camden and a noble few,
They stemmed oppression's tide, and conquered you.
How can your prudence be completely praised
In flying from the storm yourself had raised? 40
When the black clouds of discord veiled the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your grace to fly ;
For had the thunders burst upon your head,
Soon had you mingled with the headless dead ;
Not Bute, though here the deputy of fate,
Could save so vile a minister of state.

Oft has the Carlton sibyl prophesied
How long each minister of state should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell 50
The secret fates of senators and peers,
What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
What future plans the junto have designed,
What wretches are with Rockingham combined,
Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
Who's lord-lieutenant of the land of Nod,
What pensioned nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scored without his host,
What patriot big with popular applause
Should join the ministry and prop the cause ; 60
With many secrets of a like import,
The daily tittle-tattle of a court,
By common fame retailed as office news,
In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews.

Oft from her secret casket would she draw
A knotty plan to undermine the law ;
But though the council sat upon the scheme,
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream ;
Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
And in her tablet marked his flying hour ; 70
Rumour reports, a message from her cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
Well knew the subtle minister of state
Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,
And catching every pension he could find,
Obeyed the fatal summons—and resigned !

Far in the north, amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murmuring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows,
Or aught which bears the look of verdure grows, 80
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew,
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,
(Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors,
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores),
Upon a bleak and solitary plain,
Exposed to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage reared its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread.
The walls were osiers daubed with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance opened to the day. 90
Here lived a laird, the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame through every northern mountain ran ;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen,
Professor of all languages at once ;
To him, some reckoned Chappelow a dunce.
With happy fluency he learned to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.

Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing,
When they rejoice or blubber with the king, 100
To him appeared unknown : with sapient look
He taught the highland meaning of each crook.
But often when to pastimes he inclined,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside, forgot to read,
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weasel from her bed,
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent-roll just maintained his state,
But some, in spite of poverty, are great. 110.
Though famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace.
Descended from a catalogue of kings
Whose warlike arts Mac Pherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast,
Ambition still presided o'er the rest ; 120.
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking-glass, and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawney, the noble ruler of the clan,
Had numbered o'er the riper years of man ;
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen. 130
Fired by ambition, he resolved to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,

To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth.
In vain the amorous highland lass complained,
The son of monarchs would not be restrained.
Clad in his native many-coloured suit,
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.
His spacious sword, to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad capacious shoulders hung. 140
As from the hills the land of promise rose,
A secret transport in his bosom glows ;
A joy prophetic, until then unknown,
Assured him all he viewed would be his own.
New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight ;
Still in soliloquy he praised the view,
Nor was more pleased with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,
No more the praise of highland hills he sung, 150
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing flowers diversify the scene.
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges, blooming with the sweets of May,
With double pleasure marked his gladsome way.
Having through varying rural prospects past,
He reached the great metropolis at last.
Here fate beheld him as he trudged the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet ; 160
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seemed already minister of state.
The Carlton sibyl saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being queen.
The little urchin chose a piercing dart
And * * * * gored her heart.

She sighed, she wished ; swift virtuous Chudleigh flew
To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew ;
Then introduced him to her secret cell—
What further can the modest numbers tell ? 170
Suffice it that, among the youth of fire
Whom widows strong and amorous dames admire,

[Line omitted]

None could with Sawney's never ceasing heat
None rode the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleased her with such majesty of face.
Enraptured with her incubus, she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought.
Resolved to make him greatest of the great,
She led him to her hidden cave of state.
There spurs and coronets were placed around, 180
And privy seals were scattered on the ground ;
Here piles of honorary truncheons lay,
And gleaming stars made artificial day.
With mystic rods, whose magic power is such
They metamorphose parties with a touch.
Here hung the princely prize of gartered blue,
With flags of all varieties of hue.
' These ', said the sibyl, ' from this present hour
Are thine, with every dignity of power.
No statesman shall be titularly great, 190
None shall obtain an office in the state
But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute.
All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualified.
No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hasting on their naked feet,
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.

No southern patriot shall oppose my will, 200
If not my look, my treasurer can kill ;
His pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise
With blood and death to entertain my eyes.
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I'll choose the present hour to make thee great'.
He bowed submission, and with eager view
Gazed on the withered oracle of Kew.
She seized a pendant garter, and began 210
To elevate the ruler of the clan ;
Girt round his leg the honoured trifle shone,
And gathered double lustre from the throne.
With native dignity he filled the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace,
The sibyl, busy for the sweets of place.
Kicked out a minister, the people's pride.
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The leader of the treasury, he rose, 220
Whilst fate marked down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition, his imperious hand
Scattered oppression through a groaning land ;
Still taxes followed taxes, grants, supplies,
With every ill resulting from excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke, and sold the peace ;
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind,
On honourable terms the treaty's signed.

But who his private character can blame, 230
Or brand his titles with a villain's name ?
Upon an estimation of the gains,
He stooped beneath himself to take the reins.

A good economist, he served the crown,
 And made his master's interest his own.
 His starving friends and countrymen applied
 To share the ministry, assist to guide,
 Nor asked in vain : his charitable hand
 Made plenty smile in Scotland's barren land ;
 Her wandering sons, for poverty renowned, 240
 Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
 Far from the south was humble merit fled,
 And on the northern mountains reared her head ;
 And genius, having ranged beyond the Tweed,
 Sat brooding upon bards who could not read ;
 Whilst courage, boasting of his highland might,
 Mentions not Culloden's inglorious flight.
 But whilst his lordship fills the honoured stall,
 Ample provision satisfies them all.
 The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears 250
 To mutilate each murmuring caitiff's ears ;
 The father of his country they adore,
 And live in elegance unknown before.

Nor yet unthankful he for power and place,
 He praised the sibyl with distinguished grace.
 And oft repairing to [the] cell of hate,
 He laid aside the dignity of state.

* * * * the withered hag
 Repaid his ardour with a wealthy bag.
 Oft, when replenished with superior might, 260
 The thane has * three millions in a night.
 Or, when the treasury was sunk with spoil,
 Three coronets have recompensed his toil ;
 And had not virtuous Chudleigh held the door,
 She to this moment might have been a whore.
 Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
 A swarm of planetary statesmen rolled ;

Though some have since as ministers been known,
 They shone with borrowed lustre not their own :
 In every revolution, day and night, 270
 From Bute they caught each particle of light ;
 He destined out the circles they fulfil,
 Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name
 Which bids defiance to all sense of shame ?
 How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
 Who hears unmoved a multitude complain ?
 A multitude made wretched by his hand,
 The common curse and nuisance of the land.
 Holland, of thee I sing—infernal wretch ! 280
 Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch ?
 Is there no other army to be sold,
 No town to be destroyed for bribes and gold ?
 Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,
 And starve the subject to enrich the crown ?
 That when the treasury can boast supplies,
 Thy pilfering genius may have exercise ;
 Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil,
 Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil ;
 Catching his influence from the best of kings, 290
 Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings ;
 The vengeance of a nation is defied,
 And liberty and justice set aside.
 Distinguished robber of the public, say,
 What urged thy timid spirit's hasty way ?
 Sheltered in the protection of a king,
 Did recollection paint the fate of Byng ?
 Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
 Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight ?
 Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand, 300
 Or art thou safer in a foreign land ?

In vain, the scene relinquished, now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
The ruins on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villany, and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state,
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot, 310
And settle what shall be on what is not ;
Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool.
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are much beneath the notice of the great.
Let bribed exchequer-tellers find 'em just,
Which, on the penalty of place, they must ;
Before they're seen your honesty is clear, 320
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a minister you had your day,
And gathered light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seemed to glimmer in yourself alone ;
The lives of thousands bartered for a bribe,
With villanies too shocking to describe.
Your system of oppression testified
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fixed eternal in his sphere, 330
And ministers revolved around in air,
Your infamy with such a lasting ray
Glowed through your orb in one continual day.
Still ablest politicians hold dispute,
Whether you gave or borrowed light from Bute.

Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descried your little arts.
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear ;
When dressed in titles, the burlesque of place, 340
A more illustrious rascal shewed his face ;
Your destined sphere of ministry now run,
You dropped like others in the parent sun ;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the sibyl's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Though foreign to the system of the clan ;
Slowly he rolled around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course, 350
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force ;
His scarce-collected light obliquely hurled
Was scattered ere it reached his frozen world.
Through all his under offices of place,
All had conspired to represent his grace ;
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driven,
Slow as a courtier on his road to heaven.
If expedition urged the dull machine,
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift hurry and confusion wild began 360
To discompose the thane's determined plan.
Error, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid ;
He wrote despatches in his grace's name,
And ruined every project North could frame :
Yet as he blundered through the lengthened night,
He seriously protested all was right.

Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance, and act the boy ;

'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine, 370
And justice must confess that title's thine.
Dress to excess, and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great ;
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute, from the summit of his power, descried 380
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit altogether hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,
Received instructions for their future plan ;
And, after proper adoration paid,
Were to their destined sphere of state conveyed,
To shine the minister's satéllites, 390
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics, and draw
A more severe attack upon the law ;
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.

Alas ! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presumed too much ;
Conscious of cunning and superior arts,
They scorned the minister's too trifling parts ;
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust, 400
And damns the Carlton sibyl's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot oppressed the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgraced the helm.

Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the sibyl's secret cell.
Enraged, she winged a messenger to Bute,
Some minister more able to depute ;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possessed.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm, 410
She gave him notice of the bursting storm ;
Timid and dubious, Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out ;
But as no laws the sibyl's power confined,
He dropped his blushing honours, and resigned !

Step forward, North ! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles revived in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report ?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves, 420
Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch most base
Should fill the highest infamy of place ?
That North, the vile domestic of a peer
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains.
Become a minister, and take the reins ;
And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy governor and friend ?
This wondrous metamorphose of an hour 430
Sufficiently evinced the sibyl's power.
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays ;
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his grace resign ?

Some superficial politicians tell,
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell,

The sibyl substituted North, a blank,
A mustered fagot to complete the rank,
Without a distant thought that such a tool 440
Would change its being and aspire to rule.
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state,
He caught by inspiration statesmanship,
And drove the slow machine and smacked his whip ;
Whilst Bedford, wondering at his sudden skill,
With reverence viewed the packhorse of his will.

His majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declared his fixed intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every knave, 450
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave ;
In every cabinet and council-cause
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws ;
Whilst North should in his present office stand
As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now, expectation, now extend thy wing !
Happy the land whose minister's a king ;
Happy the king, who, ruling each debate,
Can peep through every roguery of state !
See, hope, arrayed in robes of virgin white, 460
Trailing an arched variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruined realm,
And shews the crowned director of the helm !
Return, fair goddess, till some future day,
The king has seen the error of his way,
And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel
The wheel of state is not a Catherine wheel.
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
He leaves the ministry to venal tools ;
And finds his happy talents better suit 470
The making buttons for his favourite Bute ;

In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues
In glossing with authority a train
Whose names are infamy, and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty ! great, if rightly used,
How little when mistaken and abused !
Viewed from one point, how glorious art thou seen,
From others, how degenerate and mean !
A seraph or an idiot's head we see : 480
Often the latter stands the type of thee,
And, bowing at his parent's knee, is dressed
In a long hood and many-coloured vest.
The sceptred king, who dignifies a throne,
Should be in private life himself alone ;
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchizideck's priestish plea,
Collected in himself, a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay, 490
Which shall to royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's ire
May roast, and execute with foreign fire.
The muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.
Continue, North, thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour ;
Collect, and fill thy coffers with the spoil,
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil.
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in, 500
Repeat the proverb, ' Let those laugh that win ' :
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state ;
Then whilst thy summer lasts prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain ;
The last, of known integrity of mind, 510
Forsook a venal party, and resigned !
Come, satire ! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accursed ;
Come, truth, assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.
Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye ?
Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of genius to impeach ?
Or would thy insignificance and pride 520
Presume above thyself and seek to guide ?
Pursue thy *ignis-fatuus* of power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower ;
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then, when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.

Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state ?
Do titles echo grateful in your ear, 530
Or is it mockery to call you peer ?
In fifty's silvered age to play the fool,
And bide with rascals infamous a tool,
Plainly denote your judgment is no more ;
Your honour was extinguished long before.

Say, if reflection ever blest thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind ?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous, and sincere,
Too good a senator for such a peer ;

Him thou hadst offered as a sacrifice 540
To lewdness, immorality, and vice ;
Your patronising scoundrels set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind ?
Though intimacy seemed to stop the way,
You they employed to tempt him and betray.
Full well you executed their commands,
Well you deserved the pension at their hands.
For you, in hours of trifling, he compiled 550
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded, 'twas at your desire
He called for demons to assist his lyre ;
Relying on your friendship, soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes arrayed,
You seized the wished-for poem, and betrayed.

Hail, mighty Twitcher ! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine ?
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reached 560
The conscience of the rascal who impeached.
My humble numbers and untutored lay
On such a hardened wretch are thrown away ;
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the harlots of the night ;
Go, hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
There you may boast one sense is entertained,
Though age present your other senses pained :
Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel, 570
Regale at Harrington's religious cell,
With loss of impotence, and dire disease ;
Exert your poor endeavours as you please,

The jest and bubble of the harlot crew ;
What entertained your youth, in age pursue.

When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God ;
When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring law ;
When Bute, the regulator of the state, 580
Preferred the vicious, to transplant the great ;
When rank corruption through all orders ran,
And infamy united Sawney's clan ;
When every office was with rogues disgraced,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste,
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind ?
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resigned.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When time hath buried the recording line,
And, proudly glaring in the rolls of fame, 590
With more than titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gartered rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
One nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains ;
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with pity grievances increase ;
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower, 600
Raised upon villany, aspire to power ;
Big with importance, they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise ;
Whilst Barrington, as secretary, shows
How many pensions paid his blood and blows.
And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.

But North requires assistance from the great,
 To work another button in the state,
 That Weymouth may complete the birthday-suit, 610
 Full-trimmed by Twitcher, and cut out by Bute :
 So many worthy schemers must produce
 A statesman's coat of universal use ;
 Some system of economy, to save
 Another million for another knave ;
 Some plan to make a duty, large before,
 Additionally great, to grind the poor :
 For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,
 Just as the commons sink, the rich arise.

If ministers and privy-council knaves 620
 Would rest contented with their being slaves,
 And not with anxious infamy pursue
 Those measures which will fetter others too,
 The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
 Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
 But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
 And, once enslaved, would fetter all mankind.
 'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
 What further ills our liberties shall know ;
 'Tis from this principle our feuds began, 630
 Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan :
 Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
 By lust and not by merit raised to rule,
 Should sow contention in a noble land,
 And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
 Gods ! that these fly-blows of a stallion's day,
 Warmed into being by the sibyl's ray,
 Should shake the constitution, rights, and laws,
 And prosecute the man of freedom's cause !
 Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appealed, 640
 With loss of liberty that right he sealed :

Imprisoned and oppressed he persevered,
Nor Sawney or his powerful sibyl feared.
The hag, replete with malice, from above
Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love ;
Unfortunately to his pen it fell,
And flowed in double rancour to her cell ;
Madly she raved ; to ease her tortured mind,
The object of her hatred is confined :
But he, supported by his country's laws, 650
Bid her defiance, for 'twas freedom's cause.
Her treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Though each attained his favourite object—gain.
She sat as usual when a project fails,
Damned Chudleigh's phiz, and dined upon her nails.
Unhappy land ! whose governed monarch sees
Through glasses and perspectives such as these ;
When, juggling to deceive his untried sight,
He views the ministry all trammelled right ;
Whilst, to his eye the other glass applied, 660
His subjects' failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the petitions are received,
Nor one report of grievances believed ;
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes :
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed placeman's private [views].
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
Waving oppression's banners round the realm ?
Shall Britons to the vile detested troop, 670
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop ?
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine ?
No : let us still be Britons ! Be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.

Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask :
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas ! America, thy ruined cause 680
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.
Unrepresented thou art taxed, excised,
By creatures much too vile to be despised ;
The outcast of an outed gang are sent
To bless thy commerce with [a] government.
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We saw thee in this worst of troubles great ;
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause.
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste 690
Is in his measures or his mistress placed,
In either 'tis originally rare,
One shews the midnight cully, one the peer :
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride,
Was this a statesman qualified to guide ?
Was this the minister whose mighty hand
Has scattered civil discord through the land ?
Since smallest trifles, when ordained by fate,
Rise into power and counteract the great,
What shall we call thee, Grafton ? Fortune's whip, 700
Or rather the burlesque of statesmanship ?
When, daring in thy insolence of place,
Bold in an empty majesty of face,
We saw thee exercise thy magic rod,
And form a titled villain with a nod ;
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The members of the council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious [air],
Commend the fancy of his solitaire ?

These were thy actions, worthy of record, 710

Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.

Since villainy is meritorious grown,

Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.

What Mansfield's conscience shuddered to receive,

Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.

Reversions, pensions, bribes and titled views,

What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?

If Dunning's nice integrity of mind

Will not in pales of interest be confined,

Let his uncommon honesty resign, 720

And boast the empty pension of the nine :

A Thurlow, grasping every offered straw,

Shines his successor, and degrades the law.

How like the ministry who linked his chains !

His measures tend incessantly to gains.

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,

At once with fifty places laced,

Can such a summer insect of the state

Be otherwise than in externals great?

Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan, 730

How wilt thou answer to the sibyl's man?

Did thy own shallow politics direct

To treat the mayor with purposed disrespect ;

Or did it come in orders from above,

From her who sacrificed her soul to love?

Rigby, whose conscience is a perfect dice,

A just epitome of every vice,

Replete with what accomplishments support

The empty admiration of a court,

Yet wants a barony to grace record, 740

And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.

His wish is granted, and the king prepares

A title of renown, to brand his heirs.

When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare ?
Whilst Chatham from his coroneted oak
Unheeded shook the senate with his croak,
The minister, too powerful to be right,
Laughed at his prophecy and second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's oracle of state 750
Forestalled the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance, and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton in his juggling statesman's game
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.

Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,
Turned to all points of politics and doubt, 760
But though for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair
And exercise his new-made power with air ?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew
Can write long speeches and repeat them too ;
A practised lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report ;
Above the scandalous aspersion 'tool',
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby, too great to join the hated cause, 770
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws ;
Whilst, unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.
Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston, and Brett,
With resignation pay the crown a debt ;
If, in return for offices of trust,
The ministry expect you'll prove unjust,

What soul that values freedom could with ease
 Stoop under obligations such as these ?
 If you're a Briton (every virtue dead) 780
 That would upon your dying freedom tread,
 'List in the gang, and piously procure
 To make your calling and election sure.
 Go, flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
 Assist in each long shuffle, hedge, and slip ;
 Thus rising on the stilts of favour, see
 What Grafton was, and future dukes will be :
 How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began .
 To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out 790
 What officer will stand, remains a doubt.
 If virtue's an objection at the board,
 With what propriety the council's stored !
 Where could the Caledonian minion find
 Such striking copies of his venal mind ?
 Search through the winding labyrinths of place,
 See all alike politically base.
 If virtues, foreign to the office, shine,
 How fast the prodigies of state resign !
 Still as they drop, the rising race begin 800
 To boast the infamy of being in ;
 And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
 Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
 Look round thee, North ! see, what glorious scene !
 O let no thought of vengeance intervene :
 Throw thy own insignificance aside,
 And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
 See Holland easy with his pilfered store,
 And Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
 See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place, 810
 A providence reserve to hedge and race.

New to oppression and the servile chain,
 Hark how the wronged Americans complain ;
 Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
 And liberty unnoticed swells her cry.
 Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
 How wavering is the favour of a king ;
 Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
 How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall ;
 Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine, 820
 Implore a noble pension, and resign !

THE ART OF PUFFING

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN

VERSED by experience in the subtle art,
 The mysteries of a title I impart :
 Teach the young author how to please the town,
 And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
 Since Curl, immortal never-dying name !
 A double pica in the book of fame,
 By various arts did various dunces prop,
 And tickled every fancy to his shop,
 Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book ?
 Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke ? 10
 Villains, exalted in the midway sky,
 Shall live again to drain your purses dry :
 Nor yet unrivalled they ; see Baldwin comes,
 Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums :
 The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
 What else can Paoli's supporter do ?
 The trading wits endeavour to attain,
 Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain.

For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
 And hail his sentiment, though trite, divine ; 20
 For this the patriotic bard complains,
 And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains :
 For this was every reader's faith deceived,
 And Edmunds swore what nobody believed :
 For this the wits in close disguises fight ;
 For this the varying politicians write ;
 For this each month new magazines are sold,
 With dulness filled and transcripts of the old.
 The *Town and Country* struck a lucky hit,
 Was novel, sentimental, full of wit : 30
 Aping her walk the same success to find,
 The *Court and City* hobbles far behind.
 Sons of Apollo, learn : merit's no more
 Than a good frontispiece to grace the door :
 The author who invents a title well
 Will always find his covered dulness sell :
 Flexney and every bookseller will buy—
 Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

PAMP.

22nd July 1770

THE DEFENCE

25th December 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hackneyed tale renew ;
 I own their censure, I approve it too.
 For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
 Conceive or estimate, but as they're taught ?
 Say, can the satirising pen of Shears
 Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears ?
 None but a Lawrence can adorn his lays,
 Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.

Taylor repeats what Catcott told before,
 But lying Taylor is believed no more. 10
 If in myself I think my notion just,
 The church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but opinion's bastard son,
 A perfect mystery, more than three in one.
 'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind ;
 As education taught us, we're inclined.
 Happy the man, whose reason bids him see
 Mankind are by the state of nature free ;
 Who, thinking for himself despises those
 That would upon his better sense impose ; 20
 Is to himself the minister of God,
 Nor treads the path where Athanasius trod.
 Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
 Who, not by priest but reason, rules his span :
 Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
 Reason a thorn in revelation's side.
 If reason fails, incapable to tread
 Through gloomy revelation's thickening bed,
 On what authority the church we own ?
 How shall we worship deities unknown ? 30
 Can the Eternal Justice, pleased, receive
 The prayers of those who, ignorant, believe ?

Search the thick multitudes of every sect,
 The church supreme, with Whitfield's new elect ;
 No individual can their God define,
 No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
 But why must Chatterton selected sit
 The butt of every critic's little wit ?
 Am I alone for ever in a crime,
 Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme ? 40
 All monosyllables a line appears :
 Is it not very often so in Shears ?

See generous Eccas lengthening out my praise,
Enraptured with the music of my lays ;
In all the arts of panegyric graced,
The cream of modern literary taste.

‘ Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine ;
But then how hobbling are the other two ;
There are some beauties, but they’re very few. 50
Besides the author, ’faith ’tis something odd,
Commends a reverential awe of God.
Read but another fancy of his brain,
He’s atheistical in every strain ’.
Fallacious is the charge : ’tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of creation rise ;
Who formed His varied likeness in mankind,
Centering His many wonders in the mind ; 60
Who saw religion a fantastic night,
But gave us reason to obtain the light.
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
He only can direct to heaven’s high-way ;
While bishops with as much vehemence tell,
All sects heterodox are food for hell.
Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
Their notions are not oracles to me :
What I think right I ever will pursue,
And leave you liberty to do so too. 70

HAPPINESS

SINCE happiness was not ordained for man,
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can ;
Possessed with fame or fortune, friend or whore,
But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail, revelation ! sphere-enveloped dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as ambition's dream, or beauty's face, 10
But, in reality, as shadowy found
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The lords of nature are designed to share.
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only god we know.
Our furthest wish, the deity we fear,
In different subjects, differently appear.
Where's the foundation of religion placed?
On every individual's fickle taste. 20
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled.
This passage leads to heaven—yet, strange to tell !
Another's conscience finds it lead to hell.
Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind : 30

In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall ;
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin !
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt.
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy ; 40
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold ;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, maddened in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships mammon, and adores
No other deity but gold and whores.
Catcott is very fond of talk and fame :
His wish, a perpetuity of name ; 50
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To bear his name and signify his trade ;
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view.
Unfinished chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat ;
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time. 60
Horrid idea ! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name,
Unnoticed this, in prose or tagging flower,
He left his dinner to ascend the tower !

Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
 Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
 On matrimonial pewter set thy hand,
 Hammer with every power thou canst command,
 Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
 To propagate thy whimsies, name, and phiz— 70
 Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,
 A Catcott shall remain admired by all.

Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
 Is only happy when he's thought a wit—
 Thinks I've more judgment than the whole reviews,
 Because I always compliment his muse.
 If any mildly would reprove his faults,
 They're critics envy-sickened at his thoughts.
 To me he flies, his best-belovèd friend,
 Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend. 80

Say, sages—if not sleep-charmed by the rhyme—
 Is flattery, much-loved flattery, any crime?
 Shall dragon satire exercise his sting,
 And not insinuating flattery sing?
 Is it more noble to torment than please?
 How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
 And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
 Let lazy Barton undistinguished snore,
 Nor lash his generosity to Hoare; 90
 Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
 His easy flow of words, his depth of thought
 His active spirit, ever in display;
 His great devotion when he draws to pray;
 His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
 With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness is placed ;
When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul ; 100
But what would make another man distressed
Gives him tranquility and thoughtless rest :
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made.
This character let gray Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man ;
Or be it by young Yeatman criticised,
Who damns good English if not Latinised.
In Aristotle's scale the muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays ! 110
Versed in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blessed with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossil face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise ; 120
But little had she read in nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O ! education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong ;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate :
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stamped the pedant with his name ;

But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
 A licensed butcher of the human kind.
 Mouldering in dust the fair Lavinia lies ;
 Death and our doctor closed her sparkling eyes.
 O all ye powers, the guardians of the world !
 Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurled ?
 Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
 And kill the mighty where the mighty fail ?
 Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
 And with his cordial julep strike him dead !

130

But to return : in this wide sea of thought,
 How shall we steer our notions as we ought ?
 Content is happiness, as sages say—
 But what's content ? The trifle of a day.
 Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
 Nor be by superstition led aside.
 The saint and sinner, fool and wise attain
 An equal share of easiness and pain.

140

1770

CHATTERTON'S WILL

ALL this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday,
 in the utmost distress of mind. 14th April 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
 That Bristol has impressed her stamp on thee,
 Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
 Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
 Gods ! What would Burgum give to get a name,
 And snatch his blundering dialect from shame !
 What would he give, to hand his memory down
 To time's remotest boundary ?—A crown.

Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue ;
Futurity he rates at two pound two. 10
Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow ;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in iambics, totter in an ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.

Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah ! thy merit's seldom understood ;
Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
Received to venerate as gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee. 20
If ever obligated to thy purse,
Rowley discharges all ; my first, chief curse !
For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes ;
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
Untroubled, unrespected, unbeloved.

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere
For all the little knowledge I had here. 30
But what was knowledge ? Could it here succeed
When scarcely twenty in the town can read ?
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a poet's brain ?
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
When wildly squandering everything I got
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend,
Without security attempt to lend ? 40
No, that would be imprudent in the man ;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.

He promised, I confess, and seemed sincere ;
 Few keep an honorary promise here.
 I thank thee, Barrett : thy advice was right,
 But 'twas ordained by fate that I should write.
 Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
 I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
 Harris ere long, when, reeking from the press,
 My numbers make his self-importance less, 50
 Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
 And drag my body to the triple way.
 Poor superstitious mortals ! wreak your hate
 Upon my cold remains——

[The remainder of this remarkable effusion is in prose.]

FRAGMENT

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,
 Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my muse !
 Of conversation sing an ample theme,
 And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
 Hail, matchless linguist ! prating Delia, hail !
 When scandal's best materials, hackneyed, fail,
 Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
 And all thy talk is one continued lie.
 Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
 Could shew a line as venom'd as thy tongue. 10
 In pity to thy sex, I cease to write
 Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
 The conversation which in taverns ring
 Descends below my satire's soaring sting.
 Upon his elbow-throne great Maro sits,
 Revered at Forster's by the would-be wits ;
 Deliberately the studied jest he breaks,
 And long and loud the polished table shakes ;

Retailed in every brothel-house in town,
 Each dancing booby vends it as his own. 20
 Upon the emptied jelly-glass reclined,
 The laughing Maro gathers up his wind ;
 The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
 Ready to laugh before the tale begins :
 ' To talk of freedom, politics, and Bute,
 And knotty arguments in law confute,
 I leave to blockheads, for such things designed,
 Be it my task divine to ease the mind '.

' To-morrow ', says a Church of England priest,
 ' Is of good St Epiphany the feast. 30
 It nothing matters whether he or she,
 But be all servants from their labour free '.
 The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
 And the dry jest is very witty found.
 In every corner of the room are seen
 Round altars covered with eternal green,
 Piled high with offerings to the goddess fame,
 Which mortals, chronicles and journals name ;
 Where in strange jumble flesh and spirit lie,
 And illustration sees a jest-book nigh ; 40
 Anti-venereal medicine cheek by jowl
 With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul ;
 The patriot Wilkes's ever-famed essay,
 With Bute and justice in the self-same lay :
 Which of the two deserved (ye casuists, tell)
 The conflagrations of a hangman's hell ?

The clock strikes eight ; the taper dully shines ;
 Farewell, my muse, nor think of further lines :
 Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
 Shut up the book,—it is enough, by God ! 50

28th October [1769]

Sage Gloster's bishop sits supine between
His fiery floggers and a cure for spleen ;
The son of flame, enthusiastic Law.
Displays his bigot blade, and thunders draw,
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays,
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways ;
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
And, bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine ;
These are the various offerings fame requires,
For ever rising to her shrines in spires ; 60
Hence all Avaro's politics are drained,
And Evelina's general scandal's gained.

Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed ;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet,
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat ;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where the insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight ;
With four large columns, five large windows dight ; 70
With four small portals, 'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through :
Here Hare first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.

Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right ;
The little god of love improves discourse,
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse ;
About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away, 80
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
Their each idea's brightened and refined.

Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair ;

Whose deep invention first found out the art
 Of making rapture glow in every part ;
 Of wounding by each varied attitude—
 Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued.

* * * *

FRAGMENT

INTEREST, thou universal god of men,
 Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen ;
 If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
 Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes ;
 Bid satire sheathe her sharp avenging steel,
 And lose a number rather than a meal.
 Nay, prithee, honour, do not make us mad,
 When I am hungry something must be had.
 Can honest consciousness of doing right
 Provide a dinner or a bed at night ?
 What though Astrea decks my soul in gold,
 My mortal lumber trembles with the cold ;
 Then, cursed tormentor of my peace, begone !
 Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.

10

In a low cottage, shaking with the wind,
 A door in front, a span of light behind,
 Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
 And nature in the infant marked the man.
 Six times the youth of morn, the golden sun,
 Through the twelve stages of his course had run, 20
 Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
 His soul was traffic, his elysium gain ;
 The ragged chapman found his word a law,
 And lost in barter every favourite taw.

Through various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting friends ;
Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the merchant. None can find
The shadow of a virtue in his mind. 30
Nor are his vices reason misapplied ;
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At city dinner, or a turtle feast,
As expeditious as a hungry priest :
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.

Tervono would be flattered ; shall I then
In stigmatising satire shake the pen ?
Muse, for his brow the laurel wreath prepare,
Though soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there. 40
Come, panegyric ; adulation, haste,
And sing this wonder of mercantile taste.
And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
The patron's happy, and the poet dines.
Some, philosophically cased in steel,
Can neither poverty or hunger feel ;
But that is not my case : the muses know
What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
Then if the range of satire seize my brain,
May none but brother poets meet the strain. 50
May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
Hung *in terrorem* to their brothers' eyes :
When, lost in trance by gospel or by law,
In to their inward room the senses draw,
There as they snore in consultation deep,
Are by the vulgar reckoned fast asleep.

FEBRUARY

AN ELEGY

BEGIN, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string ;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If, in the trammels of the doleful line,
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend ;
Come, brooding melancholy, power divine,
And every unformed mass of words amend.

Now the rough Goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold Waterer twirls his circling mop. 10
Swift sudden anguish darts through altering corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, maddening for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title-page.

Now, wrapped in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm ;
And, whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm. 20

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels, sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And, conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares ;

Whilst envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valued fruit, 30
And, darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen ;
Or, sabled in Othello, breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects ;
But leaves untouched the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects. 40

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo 'How divine !'
Whilst, versed in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—but what further can the muses sing ?
Now dropping particles of water fall ;
Now vapours, riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas ! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys ; 50
And, like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the lessening bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky,
There teach the wintered muse with clouds to soar ;
Come, February, lift the number high ;
Let the sharp strain like wind through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wandering through the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts, responsive, join the elegiac song. 60

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
 Sound through meandering folds of echo's horn,
 Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
 No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter ! put away thy snowy pride ;
 O, Spring ! neglect the cowslip and the bell ;
 O, Summer ! throw thy pears and plums aside ;
 O, Autumn ! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pensioned muse of Johnson is no more !
 Drowned in a butt of wine his genius lies : 70
 Earth ! Ocean ! Heaven ! the wondrous loss deplore,
 The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron stoic can suppress the tear ?
 What sour reviewer reads with vacant eye ?
 What bard but decks his literary bier ?
 Alas ! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

D.

Bristol, 12th February [1770]

ELEGY

HASTE, haste ! ye solemn messengers of night,
 Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain ;
 But, ah ! my torments still survive the light,
 The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring ;
 Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew ;
 Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing ;
 Ye flowery meadows, lawns of verdant hue ;

Faint are your colours, harsh your love-notes thrill,
 To me no pleasure nature now can yield : 10
 Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
 The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts ; ye silver streams ;
 Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds,
Ascend the bright-crowned sun's far-shining beams,
 To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head ;
 Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine ;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread ;
 Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine. 20

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year ;
 Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise ;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear ;
 Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
 Into the palace of the god of day ;
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
 In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
 Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride ; 30
Ye softly tingling rivulets, cease to flow,
 Or, swelled with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
 That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced
 flight,
 Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crowned mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
 Down to the valleys bend your hoary head ;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
 For—Lady Betty's tabby cat is dead ! 40

ELEGY WRITTEN AT STANTON
DREW

JOYLESS I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
In smoking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb,
Mistaken homage to an unknown god.
Fancy, whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way?
Check the rising wild delight,
Ah ! what avails this awful sight? 10
Maria is no more !
Why, cursed remembrance, wilt thou haunt my mind ?
The blessings past are misery now ;
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore.
Soft as the evening gale
When breathing perfumes through the rose-
hedge vale,
She was my joy, my happiness refined.
All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted oak, the dusky green. 20
Ye dreary altars, by whose side
The druid priest, in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life,
When, rent with horrid shouts,
The distant valleys rung.

The bleeding body bends,
 The glowing purple stream ascends,
 Whilst the troubled spirit near 30
 Hovers in the steamy air ;
 Again the sacred dirge they sing,
 Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
 Soul of my dear Maria, haste,
 Whilst my languid spirits waste ;
 When from this my prison free,
 Catch my soul, it flies to thee ;
 Death had doubly armed his dart,
 In piercing thee, it pierced my heart.

ELEGY

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade,
 Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
 The dark retreat, of leafless branches made,
 Where sickening sorrow wets the yellowed green.
 The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
 Where erst the sons of superstition trod,
 Tottering upon the mossy meadow, tell
 We better know, but less adore, our God.
 Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
 Through the wide window, once with mysterious
 dight, 10
 The distant forest, and the darkened wave
 Of the swollen Avon ravishes my sight.
 But see, the thickening veil of evening's drawn,
 The azure changes to a sabled blue ;
 The rapturing prospects fly the lessening lawn,
 And nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-frighted fear creeps silent through the gloom,
Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes ;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell, he flies. 20

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare ;
Joyless I seek the darkling bill and dale,
Where'er I wander, sorrow still is there.

Bristol, 17th November 1769

ELEGY

WHY blooms the radiance of the morning sky ?
Why springs the beauties of the season round ?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy dye ?
Ah ! why does nature beautify the ground ?

Whilst, softly floating on the zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise,
And all the heavenly music of the spring,
Steal on the sense, and harmonise the skies ;

When the racked soul is not attuned to joy,
When sorrow an internal monarch reigns : 10
In vain the choristers their powers employ,
'Tis hateful music, and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-haired sun shot the new ray
 Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
 To woodlands, lawns, and hills, I took my way,
 And listened to the echoes of the horn ; 20

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
 Traced the meanders of the bubbling stream :
 From joy to joy uninterrupted flew,
 And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now through the gloomy cloister's lengthening way,
 Through all the terror superstition frames,
 I lose the minutes of the lingering day,
 And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mouldering wall,
 Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head ; 30
 O ! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
 Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M—— ! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
 O ! must I unregarded seek the grave ?
 Must I, from all my bosom holds, repair,
 When one indulgent smile from thee would save ?

Let mercy plead my cause ; and think, oh ! think !
 A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate :
 Remember, I am tottering on the brink,
 Thy smile or censure seals my final fate. 40

C.

Shoreditch, 20th May 1770

AN ELEGY

On the Much Lamented DEATH of WILLIAM BECKFORD
Esq., Late LORD-MAYOR of, and REPRESENTA-
TIVE in PARLIAMENT FOR, THE CITY OF LONDON.
[Died 21st June 1770.]

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your general tear ;
But hence, ye venal—hence, each titled slave ;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When, like the Roman, to his field retired,
'Twas you, (surrounded by unnumbered foes)
Who called him forth, his services required,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impelled by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide, 10
He came, heaven-fraught with liberty ! he came,
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint, and fainter grew ;
As memory feebly exercised her power,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He viewed death's arrow with a Christian eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known ;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own. 20

Thou breathing sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom ;
Record his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he swayed,
His hand for ever held the balance right ;
Each venial fault with pity he surveyed,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear ; 30
Knew, if oppressed a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty conveyed,
While titled tremblers, every nerve unstrung,
Looked all around, confounded and dismayed :

Looked all around, astonished to behold
(Trained up to flattery from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen unfold
To royal ears a mortifying truth. 40

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could control ;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our history shall adorn,
Shall soar on fame's wide pinions, all sublime,
Till heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

Far other fate the venal crew shall find,
Who sigh for pomp, or languish after strings ; 50
And sell their native probity of mind,
For bribes from statesmen, or for smiles from kings.

And here a long inglorious list of names
On my disturbed imagination crowd ;
'Oh ! let them perish' (loud the muse exclaims)
'Consigned for ever to oblivion's cloud.

White be the page that celebrates his fame,
Nor let one mark of infamy appear ;
Let not the villain's mingle with his name,
Lest indignation stop the swelling tear. 60

The swelling tear should plenteously descend,
The deluged eye should give the heart relief ;
Humanity should melt for nature's friend,
In all the richest luxury of grief'.

He, as a planet with unceasing ray,
Is seen in one unvaried course to move,
Through life pursued but one illustrious way,
And all his orbit was his country's love.

But he is gone ! And now, alas ! no more
His generous hand neglected worth redeems ; 70
No more around his mansion shall the poor
Bask in his warm, his charitable beams.

No more his grateful countrymen shall hear
His manly voice, in martyred freedom's cause ;
No more the courtly sycophant shall fear
His poignant lash for violated laws.

Yet say, stern virtue, who'd not wish to die,
Thus greatly struggling, a whole land to save ?
Who would not wish, with ardour wish to lie,
With Beckford's honour, in a Beckford's grave ? 80

Not honour, such as princes can bestow,
Whose breath a reptile to a lord can raise ;
But far the brightest honour here below,
A grateful nation's unabating praise.

But see ! where liberty, on yonder strand,
Where the cliff rises, and the billows roar,
Already takes her melancholy stand,
To wing her passage to some happier shore.

Stay, goddess ! stay, nor leave this once-blessed isle,
So many ages thy peculiar care, 90
O ! stay, and cheer us ever with thy smile,
Lest quick we sink in terrible despair.

And lo ! she listens to the muse's call ;
She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched land ;
Thou, tyranny, shall tremble to thy fall !
To hear her high, her absolute command :

' Let not, my sons, the laws your fathers bought,
With such rich oceans of undaunted blood,
By traitors, thus be basely set at nought,
While at your hearts you feel the purple flood. 100

Unite in firm, in honourable bands ;
Break every link of slavery's hateful chain :
Nor let your children, at their fathers' hands,
Demand their birthright, and demand in vain.

Where'er the murderers of their country hide,
Whatever dignities their names adorn ;
It is your duty—let it be your pride,
To drag them forth to universal scorn.

So shall your loved, your venerated name,
O'er earth's vast convex gloriously expand ; 110
So shall your still accumulating fame
In one bright story with your Beckford stand'.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF MR THOMAS PHILLIPS OF
FAIRFORD

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing ;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string !

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where the dark vapours of the evening rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes ?

Phillips ! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would the grateful muse attempt to paint ; 10
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line,
The image of thy genius can reflect ?
Oh, lend my pen what animated thine,
To shew thee in thy native glories decked !

The joyous charms of spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay ;
Nothing was spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his muse was May. 20

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the pleasant rustic daisied bed,
So seemed the woodlands lessening from afar ;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic summer's blooming flowery pride
Next claimed the honour of his nervous song ;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

When golden autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
From purple clusters pressed the foamy wine, 30
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled head bedropt with icy dew ;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead ;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue ;

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore. 40

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee ;
Pleasures he has, though horribly deformed ;
The silvered hill, the polished lake we see,
Is by thy genius fixed, preserved, and warmed.

The rough November has his pleasures too ;
But I'm insensible to every joy :
Farewell the laurel ! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers of grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine ; 50
With thee did every power of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue ;
Her head, with varied bays and flowerets dressed,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string ;
And now she soars, and now again descends ;
And now, reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends. 60

Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume ;
The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temperance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscle strength in graceful pride, 70
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every cheerful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fanned from idea every seeming ill ;
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see, the sickened glare of day retires,
And the meek evening shades with dusky grey ;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips ! flies away. 80

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellow hawthorns bow ;
The loud winds whistle through the echoing dell ;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the shrill shrieking of the screech-owl swell.

With whistling sound the dusky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls ; 90
The gurgling rivulet to the valley hies,
And, lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thickening gloom.
Ah ! could I charm by friendship's potent spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb !

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muse. 100

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain !
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

A maddening darkness reigns through all the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where, into a hoary oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the cursed nocturnal bird.

Now rest, my muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie ; 110
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep :
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure then to die.

D. B.

Bristol, 5th December [1769]

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR PHILLIPS

ASSIST me, powers of heaven ! what do I hear ?
Surprise and horror check the burning tear,
Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more,
Gone like the sand divested from the shore ?
And is he gone ?—Can then the nine refuse
To sing with gratitude a favoured muse ?

ELEGY

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing ;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string ! 10

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes ?

Phillips ! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-racked muse attempt to paint ;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell, 20
Which when the silver stream was locked with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell ?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thickening shade upon the vivid green,
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
From purple clusters pressed the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

30

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls ;
The gurgling rivulet to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay ;
Nothing was spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar ;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

40

Majestic summer's blooming flowery pride
Next claimed the honour of his nervous song ;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew ;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead ;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue ;

50

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee ;
Pleasures he has, though horribly deformed ;
The polished lake, the silvered hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warmed.

The rough October has his pleasures too ;
But I'm insensible to every joy : 60
Farewell the laurel ! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.
Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend !
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.
In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine ;
With thee did every god of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine. 70
Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue ;
Her head, with varied bays and flowerets dressed,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.
With dancing attitude she swept thy string ;
And now she soars, and now again descends ;
And now, reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.
Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume ; 80
The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.
Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.
Temperance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscl'd strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside. 90

Black melancholy, stealing to the shade,
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill :
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see ! the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shades the dusky grey ; 100
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips ! flies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorn bows ;
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave ;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darkened wave. 110

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thickening gloom !
Ah ! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb !

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert the muse.

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain ! 120
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See ! see ! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the cursed nocturnal bird.
Now rest, my muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie ;
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep :
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure then to die. 130
Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace ;
But melancholy robbed him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.
And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone ?
And am I still alive ? My soul, arise !
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER

Observe, in favour of a hobbling strain,
Neat as exported from the parent brain, 140
And each and every couplet I have penned,
But little laboured, and I never mend.

T. C.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH

To Clayfield, long renowned the muse's friend,
Presuming on his goodness, this I send ;
Unknown to you, tranquility, and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much-loved muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveiled the east,
Since horror found me, and all pleasures ceased ;
Since every number tended to deplore ;
Since fame asserted Phillips was no more. 10

Say, is he mansioned in his native spheres,
 Or is't a vapour that exhales in tears?
 Swift as idea, rid me of my pain,
 And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.
 It is too true : the awful lyre is strung,
 His elegy the sister muses sung.
 O may he live, and useless be the strain !
 Fly, generous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
 Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause :
 And who can bind necessity with laws ? 20
 I wait, the admirer of your noble parts,
 You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

THOS. CHATTERTON

Bristol, *Monday Evening, 30th October 1769.*

ELEGY

ON MR WM. SMITH

ASCEND, my muse, on sorrow's sable plume,
 Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh ;
 With laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
 The blood-stained tomb where Smith and comfort
 lie.

I loved him with a brother's ardent love,
 Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear ;
 Though savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
 Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
 Thy ready services repaid with hate ; 10
 By brother, father, sisters, all distressed,
 They pushed thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous-breasted brutes in human form,
 Have you not often boldly wished him dead?
 He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
 O may his crying blood be on your head!
12th August 1769.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR JOHN TANDEY, SEN.

A sincere Christian friend. He died 5th January 1769,
 aged 76.

YE virgins of the sacred choir,
 Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
 Begin the mournful strain;
 To deck the much-loved Tandey's urn,
 Let the poetic genius burn,
 And all Parnassus drain.

Ye ghosts ! that leave the silent tomb
 To wander in the midnight gloom,
 Unseen by mortal eye;
 Garlands of yew and cypress bring, 10
 Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
 And swell the general sigh.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
 Your starving offspring from the grave,
 By God afflicted sore,
 Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
 And swell your meagre infants' cry,
 For Tandey is no more.

To you his charity he dealt,
 His melting soul your miseries felt, 20
 And made your woes his own.

A common friend to all mankind ;
 His face the index of his mind,
 Where all the saint was shown.

In him the social virtues joined,
 His judgment sound, his sense refined,
 His actions ever just.

Who can suppress the rising sigh,
 To think such saint-like men must die,
 And mix with common dust ?

30

Had virtue power from death to save,
 The good man ne'er would see the grave,
 But live immortal here :
 Hawsworth and Tandey are no more ;
 Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
 And drop the unfeigned tear.

ON THE LAST EPIPHANY ; OR, CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT

BEHOLD ! just coming from above,
 The Judge, with majesty and love !
 The sky divides, and rolls away,
 T'admit Him through the realms of day !
 The sun, astonished, hides its face,
 The moon and stars with wonder gaze
 At Jesu's bright superior rays !
 Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
 And shake the earth and briny shore ;
 The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
 And pierceth through the sea and land ;

10

The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice ;
For now the awful hour is come,
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

ALMIGHTY Framers of the skies !
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in Thy sight !
Wrapped in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed : the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly.
Impelled by His eternal love, 10
He left His palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn ;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's morn ?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty He bore, 20
To gaudy pomp unknown :
Though in a human walk He trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all His own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
 The torment of this vale of tears,
 Nor bid His vengeance rise ;
 He saw the creature He had made
 Revile His power, His peace invade :
 He saw with mercy's eyes.

30

How shall we celebrate His name,
 Who groaned beneath a life of shame,
 In all afflictions tried ?
 The soul is raptured to conceive
 A truth, which Being must believe,
 The God Eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
 Upon devotion's plumage soar
 To celebrate the day.

The God from whom creation sprung
 Shall animate my grateful tongue ;
 From Him I'll catch the lay !

40

X. Y.

SLY DICK

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high,
 And sparkling stars bedecked the sky ;
 Sly Dick, in arts of cunning skilled,
 Whose rapine all his pockets filled,
 Had laid him down to take his rest
 And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
 'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite,
 A native of the blackest night,
 Portending mischief to devise,
 Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes.
 Then straight descends the infernal sprite,
 And in his chamber does alight :

10

In visions he before him stands,
 And his attention he commands.
 Thus spake the sprite : ' Hearken, my friend,
 And to my counsels now attend.
 Within the garret's spacious dome
 There lies a well stored wealthy room,
 Well stored with cloth and stockings too,
 Which I suppose will do for you ; 20
 First from the cloth take thou a purse,
 For thee it will not be the worse,
 A noble purse rewards thy pains,
 A purse to hold thy filching gains ;
 Then, for the stockings, let them reeve,
 And not a scrap behind thee leave ;
 Five bundles for a penny sell,
 And pence to thee will come pell-mell ;
 See it be done with speed and care'.
 Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air. 30

When in the morn, with thoughts erect,
 Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,
 ' Why, faith', thinks he, ' 'tis something too,
 It might—perhaps—it might—be true,
 I'll go and see'. Away he hies,
 And to the garret quick he flies,
 Enters the room, cuts up the clothes,
 And after that reeves up the hose ;
 Then of the cloth he purses made,
 Purses to hold his filching trade. 40

Cætera desunt.

THE CHURCHWARDEN AND THE
APPARITION

A FABLE

THE night was cold, the wind was high,
And stars bespangled all the sky ;
Churchwarden Joe had lain him down,
And slept secure on bed of down ;
But still the pleasing hope of gain,
That never left his active brain,
Exposed the churchyard to his view.
That seat of treasure wholly new.
' Pull down that cross ', he quickly cried,
The mason instantly complied :
When lo ! behold, the golden prize
Appears—joy sparkles in his eyes !
The door now creaks, the window shakes,
With sudden fear he starts and wakes.
Quaking and pale, in eager haste
His haggard eyes around he cast ;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
That instant rose, and thus began :
' Weak wretch—to think to blind my eyes
Hypocrisy's a thin disguise ;
Your humble mien and fawning tongue
I have oft deceived the old and young.
On this side now, and now on that,
The very emblem of the bat :
Whatever part you take, we know
'Tis only interest makes it so,

10

20

And though with sacred zeal you burn,
 Religion's only for your turn ;
 I'm Conscience called !' Joe greatly feared ;
 The lightning flashed—it disappeared. 30

APOSTATE WILL

IN days of old, when Wesley's power
 Gathered new strength by every hour,
 Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
 Resolved his bargain should be made.
 Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
 And puts on grave and solemn airs,
 Then thus the pious man addressed :
 ' Good sir, I think your doctrine best,
 Your servant will a Wesley be,
 Therefore the principles teach me'. 10
 The preacher then instructions gave,
 How he in this world should behave.
 He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
 Says every word's the word of God,
 Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
 ' How blessèd is the sect !' he cries,
 ' Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
 Shall make me from this sect retreat'.
 He then his circumstance declared,
 How hardly with him matters fared, 20
 Begged him next morning for to make
 A small collection for his sake.
 The preacher said, ' Do not repine,
 The whole collection shall be thine'.
 With looks demure and cringing bows,
 About his business straight he goes,

His outward acts were grave and prim,
 The Methodist appeared in him.
 But, be his outward what it will,
 His heart was an apostate's still. 30
 He'd oft profess an hallowed flame,
 And everywhere preached Wesley's name ;
 He was a preacher, and what not,
 As long as money could be got ;
 He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
 ' The labourer's worthy of his hire '.

It happened once upon a time,
 When all his works were in their prime,
 A noble place appeared in view ;
 Then—to the Methodists, adieu ! 40
 A Methodist no more he'll be,
 The Protestants serve best for *he*.
 Then to the curate straight he ran,
 And thus addressed the reverend man :
 ' I was a Methodist, 'tis true ;
 With penitence I turn to you.
 O that it were your bounteous will
 That I the vacant place might fill !
 With justice I'd myself acquit,
 Do every thing that's right and fit '. 50
 The curate straightway gave consent—
 To take the place he quickly went.
 Accordingly he took the place,
 And keeps it with dissembled grace.

14th April 1764

THE METHODIST

May 1770.

SAYS Tom to Jack, 'Tis very odd,
 These representatives of God,
 In colour, way of life, and evil,
 Should be so very like the devil'.
 Jack, understand, was one of those
 Who mould religion in the nose,
 A red-hot Methodist ; his face
 Was full of puritanic grace,
 His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,
 Declared a late regeneration ; 10
 Among the daughters long renowned,
 For standing upon holy ground ;
 Never in carnal battle beat,
 Though sometimes forced to a retreat.
 But Catcott, hero as he is,
 Knight of incomparable phiz,
 When pliant doxy seems to yield,
 Courageously forsakes the field.
 Jack, or to write more gravely, John,
 Through hills of Wesley's works had gone ; 20
 Could sing one hundred hymns by rote,
 Hymns which will sanctify the throat :
 But some indeed composed so oddly,
 You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED

YOUNG Colin was as stout a boy
 As ever gave a maiden joy ;
 But long in vain he told his tale
 To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

‘ Ah why ’, the whining shepherd cried,
 ‘ Am I alone your smiles denied?
 I only tell in vain my tale
 To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale ’.

‘ True, Colin ’, said the laughing dame,
 ‘ You only whimper out your flame ;
 Others do more than sigh their tale
 To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale ’.

10

He took the hint, etc.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA

Recitative

MOUNTED aloft in Bristol’s narrow streets,
 Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,
 A sturdy collier pressed the empty sack,
 A troop of thousands swarming on his back ;
 When sudden to his rapt ecstatic view
 Rose the brown beauties of his red-haired Sue.
 Music spontaneously echoed from his tongue,
 And thus the lover rather bawled, than sung.

Air

Zounds ! Pri’thee, pretty Zue, is it thee?
 Odzookers, I mun have a kiss !
 A sweetheart should always be free,
 I whope you wunt take it amiss.

10

Thy peepers are blacker than a coal,
 Thy carcase is sound as a sack,
 Thy visage is whiter than ball,
 Odzookers, I mun have a smack.

Recitative

The swain descending, in his raptured arms
 Held fast the goddess, and despoiled her charms.
 Whilst, locked in Cupid's amorous embrace,
 His jetty skin met her red bronzed face, 20
 It seemed the sun when labouring in eclipse ;
 And on her nose he stamped his sable lips,
 Pleased * * * * *

CLIFTON

CLIFTON, sweet village ! now demands the lay,
 The loved retreat of all the rich and gay ;
 The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
 To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
 Warm from its font the holy water pours,
 And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
 Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
 And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
 Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
 To visit Bristol's celebrated wells, 10
 Far other motives prompt my eager view ;
 My heart can here its favourite bent pursue ;
 Here can I gaze, pause, and muse between,
 And draw some moral truth from every scene.
 Yon dusky rocks that from the stream arise,
 In rude rough grandeur threat the distant skies,
 Seem as if nature, in a painful throe,
 With dire convulsions labouring to and fro,
 (To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
 At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent ; 20
 The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame
 The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.

Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns ;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But though in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade ; 30
But, blooming still beyond the grip of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader raised this stone to say,
You followed still where honour led the way :
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wandering gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the lingering feet ;
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair ; where to the sun's warm ray 40
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent memory prompts the fervid sigh.
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes— of her valiant sons.
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood. 50
Then of its later fate a view I take :
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake ;
When Rupert bold, of well-achieved renown,
Stained all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employed,
Its walls are mouldered and its gates destroyed ;

In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains.
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb. 60
Here does attention her fixed gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide ;
No sportive naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene ;
Fixed in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain :
For though her waves, by commerce richly blest,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the west, 70
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever-murmuring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here too (alas ! though tottering now with age)
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powel, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fixed attention won : 80
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky ;
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep :
But oh ! how soft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on zephyr's wing !
O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide,
In Macbeth's form all human power defied ; 90

In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murdered train arise ;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strewed with pointed thorns his bed of rest !
But fate has snatched thee—early was thy doom,
How soon enclosed within the silent tomb !
No more our raptured eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.
Without thy powerful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age. 100
Yes, thou art gone ! and thy beloved remains
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains ;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal,
Whilst hallowed dirges fill the holy shrine,
Deservèd tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the muse, drooping at this tale of woe,
Slackens the strings of her enamoured lyre,
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire ; 110
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes ;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And through the cloistered aisle would take her way,
Where sleep (ah ! mingling with the common dust)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.
But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
These softening sighs forbid the muse to soar.
So treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode. 120

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns ;
Impelled the forcive air, our earth supreme
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare ;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day ;
More distant still, our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns ; 10
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night.
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines ;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves ;
Next glaring watery, through the Bull he moves ;
The amorous Twins admit his genial ray ;
Now burning, through the Crab he takes his way ;
The Lion flaming, bears the solar power ;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower. 20
Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course ;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face ;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race ;
Now in the Waterer his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe, the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primæval rays ;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlightened with the solar beams ; 30

With four unfixed receptacles of light,
 He tours majestic through the spacious height ;
 But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
 And five attendant luminaries drags ;
 Investing with a double ring his pace,
 He circles through immensity of space.

These are Thy wondrous works, first Source of God.
 Now more admired in being understood.

D. B.

Bristol, 23rd December [1769]

HORATIUS : LIB. I. CARM. V.

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
 With sweets perfumed, now courts thee to the
 bower,
 Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
 To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour ?
 By zephyrs waved, why does thy loose hair sweep
 In simple curls around thy polished brow ?
 The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
 Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.
 Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
 As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream ; 10
 Yet, ah ! too soon the ecstatic vision flies,
 Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.
 Unhappy youth, oh, shun the warm embrace,
 Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile ;
 Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
 Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.
 Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
 Worse than the horrors of the stormy main !

D. B,

HORATIUS: LIB. I. CARM. XIX.

YES ! I am caught, my melting soul
 To Venus bends without control,
 I pour the impassioned sigh.
 Ye gods ! what throbs my bosom move,
 Responsive to the glance of love,
 That beams from Stella's eye.

Oh, how divinely fair that face,
 And what a sweet resistless grace
 On every feature dwells !
 And on those features all the while 10
 The softness of each frequent smile
 Her sweet good-nature tells.

O love ! I'm thine, no more I sing
 Heroic deeds, the sounding string
 Forgets its wonted strains ;
 For aught but love the lyre's unstrung,
 Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
 And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
 The green-sod altar let us rise, 20
 Let holy incense smoke.
 And, if we pour the sparkling wine,
 Sweet, gentle peace may still be mine,
 This dreadful chain be broke. D. B.

AN EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID

HERE lies, her debt of nature paid,
 A handsome, proud, and ancient maid,
 Who used (you'll think it strangely odd)
 This as a plea to cheat her God :
 That few are blest who fondly wed,
 So rare the joys of marriage-bed ;
 Thus broke the law that first was given
 By the kind hand of parent Heaven.
 Be wise, ye fair, and this apply—
 God orders you to multiply.

10

SUNDAY: A FRAGMENT

HERVENIS, harping on the hackneyed text,
 By disquisitions is so sore perplexed,
 He stammers—instantaneously is drawn
 A bordered piece of inspiration lawn,
 Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
 Into his pineal gland the vapours glide ;
 And now again we hear the doctor roar
 On subjects he dissected thrice before.
 I own at church I very seldom pray,
 For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
 Sermons, though flowing from the sacred lawn,
 Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn ;
 And, to confess the truth, another cause
 My every prayer and adoration draws ;
 In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
 The ladies front me in celestial row.

10

(Though, when black melancholy damps my joys,
 I call them nature's trifles, airy toys ;
 Yet when the goddess reason guides the strain,
 I think them, what they are, a heavenly train.) 20
 The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
 The gentle hazel, and the optic sly ;
 The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
 The frankness which each latent charm disrobes ;
 The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
 The easy amble, the majestic air ;
 The tapering waist, the silver-mantled arms,
 All is one vast variety of charms.
 Say, who but sages stretched beyond their span,
 Italian singers, or an unmanned man, 30
 Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,
 And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow ?

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
 Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
 Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
 And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
 Here rueful-visaged angels seem to tell,
 With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell ;
 There a child's head, supported by duck's wings,
 With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings ; 40
 In funeral pile eternal marble burns,
 And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
 A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
 An honourable Welchman's pedigree ;
 A rock of porphyry darkens half the place,
 And virtues blubber with no awkward grace ;
 Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
 That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,
 No quartered coats above the bel appear,
 No battered arms, or golden corsets there. 50

SUICIDE

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
 Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
 Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
 Curtail the miseries of human life?
 Though varied is the cause, the effect's the same :
 All to one common dissolution tends.

THE RESIGNATION

O GOD, Whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill,—
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
 Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

10

If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

20

But ah ! my breast is human still ;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow ;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals, 30
 Will vanish at the morning light
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

SAY, O my soul, if not allowed to be
 Immortal, whence the mystery we see
 Day after day, and hour after hour,
 But to proclaim its never-ceasing power ?
 If *not* immortal, then our thoughts of thee
 Are visions but of non-futurity.
 Why do we live to feel of pain on pain,
 If, in the midst of hope, we hope in vain ?
 Perish the thought in night's eternal shade :
 To *live*, then *die*, man was not *only* made. 10
 There's yet an awful something else remains,
 Either to lessen or increase our pains.
 Whate'er it be, whate'er man's future fate,
 Nature proclaims there *is* another state
 Of woe, or bliss. But who is he can tell ?
 None but the good, and they that have done well,

Oh ! may that happiness be ours, my friend !
 The little we have now will shortly end ;
 When joy and bliss more lasting will appear,
 Or all our hopes translated into fear. 20
 Oh ! may our portion in that world above,
 Eternal Fountain of Eternal Love,
 Be crowned with peace that bids the sinner *live* ;
 With praise to Him who only can forgive—
 Blot out the stains and errors of our youth ;
 Whose smile is mercy, and whose word is truth.

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS

[Written on a blank leaf in a copy of Lucas's "Enquiry after Happiness."]

THOUGH happiness be each man's darling aim,
 Yet folly too, too often plays the game ;
 To that one centre all our wishes tend,
 We fly the means yet still pursue the end.
 No wonder then we find our hopes were vain ;
 The wretch who shuns his cure must still complain.
 In labyrinths of crooked error lost,
 Or on life's sea with raging tempest tossed,
 We by no compass steer, but blindly stray,
 And, knowing we are wrong, ne'er ask the way. 10
 ' How hard, how very hard to walk ', they cry,
 ' In thorny roads while flowery meads are nigh ! '
 But know, deluded mortals, virtue's race
 Is run in paths of pleasantness and peace ;
 Though narrow, yet sufficient for the few
 Who have this pearl of price alone in view.
 ' But how ', they ask, ' can we this gem obtain ? '
 Be that thy task, O Lucas, to explain.

As Milton, eyeless bard, has sweetly sung
 The fatal course whence all our woes first sprung, 20
 So he has taught, though not in measured phrase,
 A lesson which deserves full greater praise ;
 How man (as once in Eden) may be blest,
 And paradise be found in every breast.
 O ! may you find it there, may you obtain
 The bliss which too much knowledge rendered vain,
 By tasting boldly the fair fruit again.

Lucas like Milton, wondrous bard, was blind,
 Like Milton too, illumined was his mind :
 Then ask thy Guide, for he who seeks shall find. 30
 D. B.

LAST VERSES

FAREWELL, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
 Lovers of mammon, worshippers of trick !
 Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
 And paid for learning with your empty praise.
 Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
 By nature fitted for corruption's tools !
 I go to where celestial anthems swell ;
 But you, when you depart, will sink to hell.
 Farewell, my mother !—cease, my anguished soul,
 Nor let distraction's billows o'er me roll ! 10
 Have mercy, Heaven ! when here I cease to live,
 And this last act of wretchedness forgive. T. C.

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